TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

An evening newspaper which was clamoring wildly a month ago for the protection of our homes and firesides from the insidious attacks of the Demon Rum as personified by Mayor Clarke and his friends, has this week been publishing verbatim the rancid details of a crim. con. case. If the homes and firesides of Toronto need protection from anything in particular, it is from the published filth of an adultery trial. Of course sensational news papers will do that sort of thing, but it ill becomes them to enter the pulpit and lead in prayer for the regeneration of Toronto and the protection of purity.

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The average man or woman dearly loves a scandal, and the more the man or woman sinks below the average of intellect and morality, or the more the subject of the scandal is elevated above the common plane, the more luscious does the morsel become. But there is a large section of the people, and the best section it is, who may like to chat over the foibles and follies of their neighbors, but do not like to see the glaring and indecent details of a crim. con. case, such as were printed in the papers this week, staring at them in cold type. They do not want their children to read that sort of thing.

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I do not believe in much of the mock modesty which passes for the genuine article. Every one of sense and experience must understand that young people cannot be brought up with the idea that life is a rosy-posy sort of affair with nothing but good in it. There is a certain knowledge of the world that I believe parents should give their children. Beyond this, however, indecent books, pictures and newspaper reports should certainly be kept away from them. As long as old folks want to read sensations they may be sure the newspapers will print them; and if they buy them and take them home they may be sure the youngsters will get hold of them; for if the publications are withheld from them their curiosity will be aroused, and they will go out and hunt for the prohibited paper.

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It is often a question whether the young people who are best posted in the affairs of the world and the social wickedness thereof are in more danger from the temper than the really innocent ones. To be forewarned is to be forearmed to a certain extent, but, to paraphrase the old saying, to be forewarned too often is to become familiar, and it is very probable that familiarity with the details of vice leads the great majority to have a light regard for virtue.

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There has been plenty of music in the air for sensation-seekers during the past week. The examination of some of those concerned in the breaking of the Central Bank has provided choice reading, which might serve to the didactic father as numerous texts from which he could preach to his sons a number of useful lessons. He might tell his boys to be sure that they are not fools before they try to run a bank—a lesson which the parents of the directors of that unfortunate institution evidently forgot to teach them.

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It would take a skilled metaphysician to analyze the character and motives of the gang who ran the Central Bank onto the rocks, but the most charitable dare not claim that folly is the only reason for the criminal mismanagement which has wrecked the fortunes of so many innocent people. The examination seems to disclose an organized ring of wreckers as thoroughly unscrupulous and desperate as any crew of pirates that ever made a man walk a plank or scuttled a ship.

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The banking act under which monetary institutions do business has been proven to be thoroughly defective, and it must have been made apparent to every one that the remedy must lie largely in the region of criminal law. Nothing but the fear of the jail or the gibbet will keep a certain class of men from robbery. Those who have been speculating recklessly and criminally with trust funds have proven themselves so thoroughly heartless that stone walls should separate them from opportunities for further depredations. There is no such thing as calling their conduct folly or incompetency. None but lunatics or robbers would conduct banking operations or undertake such transactions as characterized the career of the Central Bank. The institution seems to have been burglarized from without and robbed from within.

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It is remarkable how many of the gentlemen connected with the Central Bank have found the climate of Toronto too severe and have sought a more salubrious clime where, beneath the stars and stripes, the gentle zephyrs whisper nothing of the probabilities of criminal prosecution. A number of Sunday schools are losing valuable workers. It has been frequently noted how but few bank cashiers or presidents or other gentlemen of prominence who have come from the United States to us have failed to leave a vacancy in some Sunday school or church. The revival of this time-honored comment is not intended as a slur on religious institutions but to point out how many men endeavor to inspire public confidence by taking a prominent part in churches. It is not the fault of the church or its teaching, but it reminds us that a man's daily life and his methods of business should be more looked into when he is in a prominent position than his church connection or any professions he may make. Some of the gentlemen who have left us, however, have never been closely indentified with any church movement, but would have been much better citizens if they had been. Since Cashier Allen has joined their ranks beneath the starry flag they might start a little sanitarium of their own and have a bank in connection with it. An emigration agency might be profitable if they put themselves in communication with the leading bankers of their adopted country. They could point out the advantages of the Canadian air to bankers who had never done business in Canada, and might also bring to the notice of managers of financial institutions the great opportunities for acquiring social eminence and worldly profit by locating themselves and the funds of their institutions under the British flag.

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If some of the gentlemen who have so hastily departed on account of the cold weather had waited a little longer there is no doubt they would have found it quite hot enough in Toronto as there are several people extremely anxious to make it warm and pleasant for them. I cannot but feel some sympathy for those directors of the bank who have remained. The consciousness that they were not actively engaged in wrecking the bank,—that their sins were those of omission rather than of commission,—has made them resolve to see the thing out. They are men who have always stood high and will have sympathy if they are pushed to the full extent of the law. Time will tell whether sympathy will save them from those they have, perhaps unconsciously, damaged so seriously.

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It was a pleasant thing to notice that the Legislature was opened on Thursday with less tom-foolery than usual. Lieutenant-Governor Campbell has lived so long among the petty parades and mock-court influences of Ottawa that it is surprising to find him taking the initiative and cutting down the "silly business" which has hitherto been esteemed so essentially proper and patriotic at the opening of our Local parliament. I can well remember when it was considered sinful, and worse than sinful—vulgar—to ridicule the opening parade; but in the last four or five years public sentiment has advanced considerably, and nearly every newspaper in the city advised Sir Alexander Campbell to drop at least a portion of the absurdities of the part he has to play.

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There is nothing strong or likely to ensure the permanence of our institutions in burning gunpowder, banging drums, beating tom-toms, clattering swords, pounding shin-bones and bowing and scraping when the gentlemen from the townships come together to amend a few clauses of the Municipal Act. The dignity of the office of Governor would not be decreased, and the absurdities of the imitation court could be done away with if his Excellency wore a frock coat and concealed the contour of his limbs in an ordinary pair of pants. It would save him, moreover, $750—the cost of a Windsor uniform—and possibly an attack of rheumatism in the legs. No doubt our popular and excellent Governor will see fit to adopt this more sensible view before next session. He has done good work as it is in begining the long-needed reform.

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The proposal to establish a cavalry school in Toronto is popular. Ontario is not only the great commercial and agricultural province of the Dominion, but its militia exceeds that of all the other provinces combined. There are many strong arguments against our present militia system, but the fact remains that we must have a volunteer force and consequently, schools for the proper training and instruction of officers. These schools are too often made the hot-beds of snobbery, but because a few cads make themselves absurd by imbibing to much military spirit into a system that is not topped off with hyalin, the school cannot be abolished or places of instruction denied to those who are desirous of acquiring a military education. If we are to have a patriotic spirit and a national idea, we must have soldiers. Nothing makes the heart of the small boy beat faster than the band followed up street by uniformed lines of tramping men. And the heart-throbs of the small boy mean a great deal. If he sees none of the glory and paraphrenalia whereby patriotism makes itself apparent, and more or less attractive, he is apt to have a very dim national idea. I think every male teacher should be forced to learn military movements so as to be able to act as drill instructor, and every day as he shoulders his switch he could show his pupils how fields are won. There is too little training of the physique in our schools, and the energetic teacher in drill hour could transform many a shambling boy or stoop-shouldered girl into objects more attractive than they will ever become if they walk with their toes turned in, their elbows stuck out and their shoulders humped over.

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The opening of the Legislature arouses a little political breeze and gives *The Empire* an opportunity to say that all of the meritorious measures promised in the speech from the throne have been stolen from Mr. Meredith's platform. This will lead some people to believe that Mr. Meredith has had a platform. I hope that the theft of a couple of planks will not destroy it entirely, but that he will boldly declare for many of the principles in which he firmly believes and make a vigorous fight this session. He is an able and lovable man, and now that all of the Provincial Governments excepting one, are opposed to his patron saint, Sir John, he should feel justified in dropping out of all connection with federal politics, and work out his own salvation here in the province. The difficulty of this has been increased by the existence of *The Empire* and the fact that it is under the management of his henchman, Mr. Creighton.

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Mr. Meredith has clever opponents who have entrenched themselves in power by all the means that party necessities are supposed to sanctify. The proposal to establish a seventh portfolio,—that of Mining and Agriculture,—will please the farmers and add a few more fat offices to the patronage of the government. Mr. Mowat seems to think that patronage is the bulwark of his administration. He will yet find it to be the rock upon which his government will be wrecked. He has been in power so long, and the demands made upon his offices have become so enormous,—owing to his party being continually in opposition at Ottawa,—that the time must soon come when the office-hunting wolves will begin to rend one another, and the result will be the disruption of his following

DOM.

THE WITCH'S SCALES AT ONDEWATER, HOLLAND.

BY P. BERGEN.

For letterpress see page 11.

To Correspondents.

Write on one side of the paper only, and spell names so plainly that a blind man could read them in the dark. Brevity is the soul of good correspondence, but brevity does not imply meagreness in the matter of facts, description, and news. Matter, to be of use for the next issue, must reach the office not later than Wednesday of each week.

A ball at Chudleigh has been a delightful event in many a season. Mrs. Beardmore's dance on Friday of last week well sustained this kind hostess's reputation. The hall at Chudleigh is a little narrow, nor is the staircase very wide, and at her parties there is always a slight jam in these places. Apart from this there was not the slightest drawback to people's pleasure. The double drawing-room, where the dancing took place, was seldom overcrowded, while two more rooms on the ground floor with halls and sitting rooms on both the first and second storeys offered many a cozy nook and comfortable sofa or chair to those who did not wish to dance. Supper was served in two large rooms at the top of the house, and owing to the excellence of the arrangements, could be partaken of in comfort. The admirable system, which is so seldom seen in Toronto, but which was tried with such marked success this year by Mr. and Mrs. Osler, at their ball in Rosedale, was once more adopted. A large table was spread with the viands and liquids, while numerous little tables in the same and adjoining rooms were furnished with the necessary material for one or two couples to sup at their ease, the men only having to bring what eatables they required from the supper table.

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Constant reiteration is only pardonable when it is necessary. It has been my pleasant duty with reference to nearly all dances this season to reiterate the phrase, the floor was perfect. Mrs. Beardmore's floor once more leaves me no choice, the words must be spoken again. And now for the music. At two dances last week I noticed an improvement in the time of Mr. Corlett's band, at Mrs. Beardmore's this improvement was not only maintained but augmented. The new valse Ligetana is, of the many popular valses of the last two or three years, one of the very best. An elephant could not hear it and keep his feet still.

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Amongst some hundred and twenty guests I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Miss Marjorie Campbell, in black with yellow at the shoulders and in the hair; Miss Mabel Heward, also wearing a remarkably becoming black dress; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Brough, Miss Bethune, and Mr. Bethune, Miss Annie Vankoughnet, in a very pretty red frock; Miss Hodgins, demonstrating, as she so often does, what a beautiful color is very pale yellow; Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Mabel Thomas and Mr. R. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Beardmore, Miss Bethune of Montreal, the Misses Yarker and Mr. Yarker, Miss Mickle and Mr. Mickle, Miss Jessie McInnes, Miss Boulton and Miss Grace Boulton, the Misses Spratt and Mr. W. Spratt, Miss Mabel Cawthra, Miss Maude Cawthra and the Messrs. Cawthra, Miss Otter and Col. Otter, Miss Kate Merritt and Mr. Hamilton Merritt, Miss Morris of Guelph, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Miss McCarthy, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Miss Eva Morris, the Misses Benson of Port Hope, Miss Louise Burton and Mr. George Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Cattenach, Miss Brough, Miss Maude Rutherford, and Captains Sears and Macdougall, Mr. Sidney Small, Capt. Geddes, Mr. Bernard of the Indian army, Messrs. Arthur and Herman Boulton, Messrs. Heaton, Dunstan, Baldwin, Colin and Mayne Campbell of Carbrooke, Colin Campbell of Montreal, Benjamin Cronyn, Shanly, Gibson, Blake, Moffat, Lowe, Mervyn Mackenzie, Hollyer, Rutherford, Townsend, Tilley, Roberts.

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Last Saturday the first At Home this winter of the Toronto tobogganing club took place at their slide and club house in Rosedale. Some two hundred invitations had been issued, and in spite of the intense cold, the thermometer standing some degrees below zero, upwards of a hundred people were present. The slide was in splendid condition; the excitement of the descent down the double chute and on amidst the pines and firs in the moonlit valley, and the exertion of the stiff climb to the top again soon made those who were tobogganing forget how cold it was. A glorious fire in the club house and very many hot beverages cheered those not so actively employed, and acquired them warmth wherewith to face the cold air of the balcony, that they might see the sliding and enjoy the lovely scene. Lovely it most certainly was, for there is no prettier spot near Toronto than this slide in Rosedale, seen under its present circumstances it was indescribably picturesque. The summits of the surrounding hills and the tops of the snowy trees glittered and sparkled in the light of a glorious full moon, while the slide itself with its long double line of torches allowed frequent glimpses of many a well laden toboggan as it flashed by. An enormous bonfire of pine-wood burned on the level at the foot of the chute, lighting and warming many a pretty face and many a manly blanketed form. It was pleasant to pause ere one climbed up the steps at the side of the chute, to use one's toboggan for a seat and stay awhile within the warm circle of the fire. Never was the romance of pine-wood crackling in flames so apparent before.

Among enthusiastic tobogganists I noticed the Misses Wragge and Mr. Wragge, the Misses O'Brien and Mr. O'Brien, Miss Moss and Mr. Moss, Miss Baldwin and Mr. Baldwin, Miss Brough, Miss Mabel Thomas, the Messrs. Small, the Messrs. Moffatt, Miss Blake and Mr. W. Blake, and Lady Evelyn Baillie Hamilton, though she did not seem to take as kindly to the sport as did her brother our late Governor General the Marquis of Lorne, for I did not see her sliding at all, yet she seemed to enjoy the scene. So did Mr. and Mrs. W. Macpherson, Mrs. Bankes, Miss Kirkpatrick and Miss Siemoneit, and so also Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels and Miss Cassels.

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A third meet of the Toronto sleighing club took place last Saturday. Owing, I suppose, to the intense cold, only some five and twenty members, instead of the usual fifty or sixty, assembled at the rendezvous in the park. The drive was to Weston, the favorite terminus, since the large hotel there offers the attraction of a fine room for dancing, and the accommodation is in other respects good. Although the mercury stood at some degrees below zero all the afternoon and evening, Saturday was as good a day for sleighing as the attendants of the tobogganing At Home at Rosedale seem to have found it for the latter sport. Fur coats and gauntlets with foot-warmers for the more delicate sex did good battle with the cold. A few slight frost bites in cheeks and ears, since town was not reached till after eleven, were hardly to be wondered at. As long as their noses were spared the ladies cared little. With regard to the club, there has been considerable foolish gossip about the blackballing by the committee of people who have proposed themselves for membership. This is nonsense. Nobody has ever been proposed in the ordinary sense of the word. Election to the club is simply the invitation of the committee to join it. An answer in the affirmative makes a member of him who has been so invited.

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The club now rejoices in a president. Mr. J. K. Kerr, Q.C., fills the position, and fills it actively. His fine pair are paragons of horseflesh. The goodly procession which the club makes could not be better led.

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For the untiring votaries of Toronto society, Thursday, the ninth of February, will be a gala night. People who enjoyed the splendid ball with which Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy warmed their fine house on Beverley street, early in last season, are looking forward to a renewal of the pleasures of that occasion, while others who were not present have heard so much of the affair that their anticipations of enjoyment next month are no less lively.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's idea of giving lectures on English literature to ladies has proved popular. His list was soon filled. The room chosen for his purpose holds an audience of seventy. If it would hold double or treble the number it could still be filled, for I suppose there is not a lady of Mrs. Goldwin Smith's large acquaintance who is not eager to hear lectures on so popular a theme, and from the learned professor. At 4.30 the lecture is over, and Mrs. Goldwin Smith is At Home to her friends, masculine, this time, as well as feminine. Thus is applied the antidote of an everyday tea party, so as to prevent any fear lest so unusual an exercise of their mental powers should turn into blue stockings many of Toronto's brightest flowers.

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Mrs. Brough of 82 St. George street gave a pleasant afternoon tea on Friday of last week, which was attended principally by young people. There were about seventy-five present, amongst whom were noticed Mrs. Cattanach, Miss Madeline Cameron, the Misses Spratt, the Misses Maclean, the Misses Evans, the Misses Bethune, Miss Dumoulin, Miss Isabel Trier, Miss Mabel Heward, Miss Armstrong of Ottawa, Mrs. Stuart Heath, Miss Stanton of Cobourg, the Misses Yarker, Miss Hodgins, the Misses Birchall, Mr. Kelly Evans, Mrs. Hoyles, Mrs. Geo. Stimson, Mr. Sears, Capt. Macdougall, Mr. Colin D. Campbell, Mr. W. Spratt, Mrs. Henry Moffatt, the Misses Green, Mrs. George Hagarty, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Mrs. Fred Grasett, Mr. Victor and Miss Cawthra, the Misses Todd, Mr. W. Baines Reade, Mr. Hollyer, Mr. Bogue, Mr. Casimer Dickson, Mr. Montague White, Miss Stuart of Port Hope, Mr. Herman Boulton, the Misses Laura and Grace Boulton, Miss McInnes, Miss Temple, Mr. J. T. Small, Mr. Sidney Small, Miss Mary Campbell, Mrs. W. Gwynne, Mrs. Edward Browne, Miss Susie Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Plummer, Miss Macklem, Miss Fuller, Miss Lockhart, Mr. Reginald Lockhart, Messrs. Baldwin, Miss Harriett Boyce, the Misses Osler, Mr. A. Powell Roberts, Miss Katie Merritt, Mrs. O'Reilly, Miss Thorburn, Mrs. Bruce Harmon, Mr. F. F. Payne, Miss Dawson, Miss Mabel Thomas of Montreal, Miss Ethel Benson of Port Hope, the Misses Cayley, Miss Morris of Guelph.

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The Misses Yarker gave a most delightful skating party on Monday night last, at the new Victoria Rink on Huron street, at which there were about thirty present. The party congregated by invitation at the rink and skated for two hours. About eleven o'clock they departed thence for Mr. Yarker's residence, Beverley street, where an appetizing repast was awaiting them, served on little tete-a-tete tables, around the room, at which sat down Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. Edin Heward, Miss Mabel Heward, Miss Robinson, Miss Katie Merritt, the Misses Benson of Port Hope, the Misses Yarker, Miss May Jones, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. Casimer Dickson, Capt. Gamble Geddes, Mr. Dickson Paterson, Mr. Bridgeman Simpson, Mr. Shanley, Mr. Fox, Mr. Colin T. Campbell, Miss Ross of Liverpool, Eng., Col. and Miss Otter, Lieut. Sears, Capt. Macdougall and others.

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A novel idea was hit upon by Miss Robinson of Sleepy Hollow, on Tuesday last, in the way of leap year entertainments, by inviting a half-dozen or so ladies to join in a driving party, to which the latter were to each invite a—or the—man of her choice and handle the reins herself. I did not hear whether the affair attained the success intended and desired, but hope it did.

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Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson's At Home, on Tuesday evening, was a great musical treat to those who love music for its own sake, and provided extra enjoyment for others, who, indifferent to sweet strains, prefer to settle themselves comfortably for a quiet tete-a-tete with their friends. However comfortably settled, though in the most remote corner, these amicably and charitably disposed people flocked to the drawing room (generally in couples) for numbers four and eight on the programme. The fair loadstone was Miss Annie Howden, who, in her own peculiarly sympathetic, sweet and finished manner, sang Bischoff's Marguerite, and Blumenthal's Love, the Pilgrim, to the evident delight and enthusiasm of the guests. The rest of the programme was made up of a piano and violin duett, by Miss Elwell and Mons. Boucher; song, L'inconito, by Miss Burton, displaying the wide scope and finish of that lady's voice, and another song, Love's Request, by Mons. J. J. Jerome, whose deliciously sweet tenor was a particular enjoyment of the evening. In the second part of the programme the Misses Elwell performed on piano and concertina a selection from Zampa. Miss Burton sang Sleep on, my Child, by Piccolomini. Mons. Boucher gave a Fantasia in Faust, on the violin, and Mons. Jerome sang a second time, My Own, My Guiding Star, by Bach.

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By ten o'clock the drawing-rooms and hall were very well filled, the crowd dispersing between the numbers, however, for supper. Among the many faces were observed Mrs. J. D. Edgar, Judge and the Misses Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Heath, Miss Stanton of Cobourg, Mrs. Langmuir, Mr. A. and Miss Langmuir, Miss Prince of Sandwich, the Misses Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Baines, Mrs. John Cawthra, Miss Mabel Cawthra, Mr. Victor and Miss Maud Cawthra, Mr. Bertie Cawthra, Mrs. Henry Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Todd, Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Miss Stuart of Port Hope, Mr. Hugh Leach, Miss Cumberland, Mr. and Miss Ince, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Dennis of Cobourg, Mr. A. Foy, Capt. and Mrs. W. C. Macdonald, Mr and Mrs. Monk, Mr. and Mrs. Boultbee, Mr. Alfred Boultbee, Miss Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Mallock, Mr. Willoughby Crooks, Miss Daisy Brown of Hamilton, Mr. Arthur Tilley, Mr. Dickson Paterson, Miss Sherwood of Ottawa, Mr. Dudgeon, Miss Isabel Grier, Miss Armstrong of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Totten, Dr. and Mrs. MacFarlane, Mr. George Stimson, Mrs. Bruce Harmon, the Misses Birchall, Mr. Percival Granville Elliott, Miss Manning, Mrs. and the Misses Harris, Mr. W. C. Crowther, Mr. James Crowther, jr., Mr. C. Egerton Ryerson, Mr. George Torrance, Col. G. T. and Mrs. Denison, the Misses Denison, Col. Fred. Denison, M.P., C. M. G., Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Mr. Morrow, Mr. Wyatt, Mr. and Mrs. Hetherington, Mrs. Fitch, Miss Dupont, Miss Amy Dupont, Dr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. W. Standish Lowe, Miss Fannie Bethune, Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. W. Parker Newton, Mrs. J. R. Armstrong, the Misses Armstrong, Mr. Cecil Gibson, Mr. Frank Ridout, Mrs. Cawthra, Miss Crowther, Miss Lee, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Beardmore, Mr. Geo. W. Beardmore, the Misses Foy, Mr. J. D. Edgar, jr., Mrs. Burns, Miss Violet Burns, Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie, Mrs. and Miss Patterson, Mr. Dickson Patterson and Mrs. Geo. Duggan.

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There were some remarkably handsome gowns noticeable on this occasion. Mrs. Ryerson herself wore black velvet en train; Mrs. MacFarlane wore fawn colored silk train and bodice, while the skirt was a rich brocade, the bodice was richly trimmed with fawn colored jet beads; Mrs. Alfred Beardmore wore blue and gold brocade bodice and train, skirt of blue tulle over satin, feather trimmings; Miss Beardmore was in yellow brocade, en train; Mrs. Dennis' frock was an artistic combination of pale olive green and pink, the skirt was green tulle over satin, draped with ribbons of both colors, at her corsage she had a magnificent spray of pink roses which set off the whole costume; Mrs. Cosby was in blue watered silk, richly trimmed with Honiton lace, and made more effective by diamond and sapphire ornaments; Miss Daisy Brown of Hamilton had on a pretty blue tulle frock; Miss Thornburn was attired in an exquisitely fitting pearl grey silk and crepe; Mrs. G. T. Denison wore a lavender satin gown, en train; Mrs. Arthur Grasett, pink satin and lace, necklace of pearls and diamonds; Mrs. John Cawthra, black lace over white watered silk, train of white; Miss Mabel Cawthra looked unusually well in black velvet edged with pearls, skirt of black lace over white, train of velvet, white marabout feathers; Mrs. W. Macdonald wore her wedding dress of white moire, chenille front; Miss Sherwood, pale salmon pink satin trimmed with jasmine; Miss Howden looked bewitching in heliotrope striped gauze, the color being especially becoming to her blonde, petite and piquant beauty; Mrs. H. Moffatt, black velvet, train, Victoria Corvern on, black satin richly trimmed with jet; Mrs. Langmuir, violet brocade trimmed with violets, gold ornaments. Miss Ince's pink satin and white brocade was decidedly handsome; Mrs. Harry Paterson wore her wedding dress; Mrs. Grantham, ruby plush bodice and train, petticoat of pink satin; Mrs. Chas. Totten's frock was one of the smartest, it was pink satin and duchesse lace; Mrs. Mallock's was white satin brocade and rich lace.

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Chaperoned by Mrs. Hoskins, Mrs. G llespie and Mrs. Winans a large and jolly party of young people drove out to the Humber Tuesday evening. Three large vans, one being a four in hand, accommodated the party, which included Miss Amy Gimson, the Misses Smith, Mr. W. Assheton Smith, Miss Chadwick, Mr. Vaux Chadwick, Mr. P. Chadwick, Miss Morson, Miss Jessie Morson, Mr. Lawrence Grahame, Miss Blossom Kingsmill, Mr. Roden Kingsmill, Miss Hime, Miss Kenyon, Mr. A. J. Boyd, Mr. Jeff Boyd, Mr. G. C. Cassels, Mr. H. L. Brought. Miss A. Fuller, Miss Minnie Fuller, Miss Helen Fuller, Mr. Stephen Baldwin, Miss Little, Miss Barwick, Miss Ethel Miller, Miss Waldon, Miss Benson, Miss Wadsworth, Miss Ethel Dixon, Miss Emma Murray, Mr. Arthur Murray, Mr. Dick Jarvis, Mr. Charles J. Loewen, Mr. G. Harold Muntz, Miss Marion Chadwick, Miss Gelkie, Dr. Gelkie, Mr. Percy G. Scholfield, Mr. W. Burritt, Mr. Gus. Burritt, Miss Jessie Murray, Mr. Scott, Mr. Leonard McMurray, Mr. L. S. McMurray, the Misses Robarts, Mr. Claude Armstrong, Miss Ethel Head, Mr. W. Hope, Miss Gladys Ruthven, Mr. Fred Gillespie, Mr. Harry L. Gillespie. A very enjoyable dance was held in the large hall of the hotel and at 12.30 the merrymakers left for home. Messrs. P. Chadwick and R. Jarvis, who managed the affair, deserve much praise for the thorough way in which the arrangements were carried out.

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One of the most delightful sleighing parties of the season was given on Tuesday evening to the residence of Mrs. Robt. Arnold, Thornhill. The arrangement of this pleasant affair was in the hands of Messrs. J. McLaren, H. P. Davies, J. Drynan and Carleton Davies. Mr. E. McLaren also made an efficient secretary. Mrs. Arnold and her charming daughters threw open their commodious house and did everything in their power to promote the enjoyment of all present. Among the invited guests were Dr. and Mrs. Davies, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Beatty, the Misses Birchall, Miss Bain, the Misses Strathy, Mr. W. Strathy, Mr. Austin Smith, Mr. Arthur Morphy, Miss Heward, Miss Nellie Macdonald, Miss Ryan, Mr. Ward, the Misses Drynan, Miss Howden of Millbrook, Mr. Brock, Mr. H. F. Wyatt, Miss Hattie Scott, Mr. W. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. Murray, the Misses D'Espande, Mr. Kingvelt, the Misses Parsons, Miss Boswell of Cobourg, Mr. W. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, Miss Shanklin, the Misses Brodie, Mr. E. C. Rutherford, Mr. George Dunstan, Miss Palmer of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, Miss Livingston, the Misses Lee, Mr. Bert Lee, Miss Smith, Dr. Davison, Miss Pellatt, the Misses Donaldson, Mr. W. Donaldson, Miss Mooney of New York, Miss Davy of Belleville, Mr. C. H. Baird, Mr. E. McCrae, the Misses Arthurs, Miss Billings, and Messrs. Sims, Godfrey, C. Henderson, Dwight, Davidson, McLaren, Davies and Drynan. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. Dr. Davies, Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. J. C. Smith.

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Another success in the virgin season of 1888 has been scored by Mrs. Cumberland. Many of the elite of society attended her ball on Wednesday last, though some, tired out by skating on Monday and tobogganing on Tuesday, took a night's rest and reserved what strength they had left for Mr. and Mrs. Campbell's dance on Thursday. Mrs. Cumberland's pretty house stands near both to the University and to Wycliffe College, which perhaps accounted for the sight of certain faces which seemed unfamiliar. The large double drawing-room made an excellent ballroom, and except at the somewhat narrow doors which gave entrance to it, and for a time in the supper room, there was little overcrowding. The music was very good, and the floor, rather sticky at first, soon improved. Mrs. Campbell of Simcoe together with Miss Constance Cumberland and Mr. Frank Cumberland assisted the hostess in doing the honors of the house.

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Society is all in a flutter over the big ball of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club at the Pavilion next Thursday night, which will emphatically be the great event of the season. The Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon and Commander and Mrs. Law have signified their intention of being present, while Sir Fred and Lady Middleton and Capt. Wise, A.D.C., have expressed their determination to come from Ottawa for the event. Bayley's band will furnish the music, and the supper arrangements will be in the hands of Harry Webb, who has signified his intention of eclipsing previous triumphs on this occasion.

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Major and Mrs. Lee were the promoters of a very pleasant sleighing party, which split the cold, still atmosphere of Tuesday night with Mr. and Mrs. Moody's handsome home on Dundas street as the objective point. About fifty people, many young and mostly residents of the west end, took advantage of the invitations issued, and were hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Moody. Despite the cold, the evening was so thoroughly enjoyable that it was after three o'clock before the two large vans deposited the last of the now tired and sleepy pleasure seekers. Among those present were Colonel and Miss Milligan, Messrs. and the Misses Macdonald, Miss Pringle and Miss Elsie Pringle, Miss Wilson, Miss Radcliffe, Mrs. Holland, Mr. J. Featherstonhaugh, Mr. and Mrs. Mumford, Mr. Wm. Hall, Mr. A. McNaughton, Mr. Bedford Jones, Mr. Fred. Hughes, Mr. Gale and Mr. Marsden.

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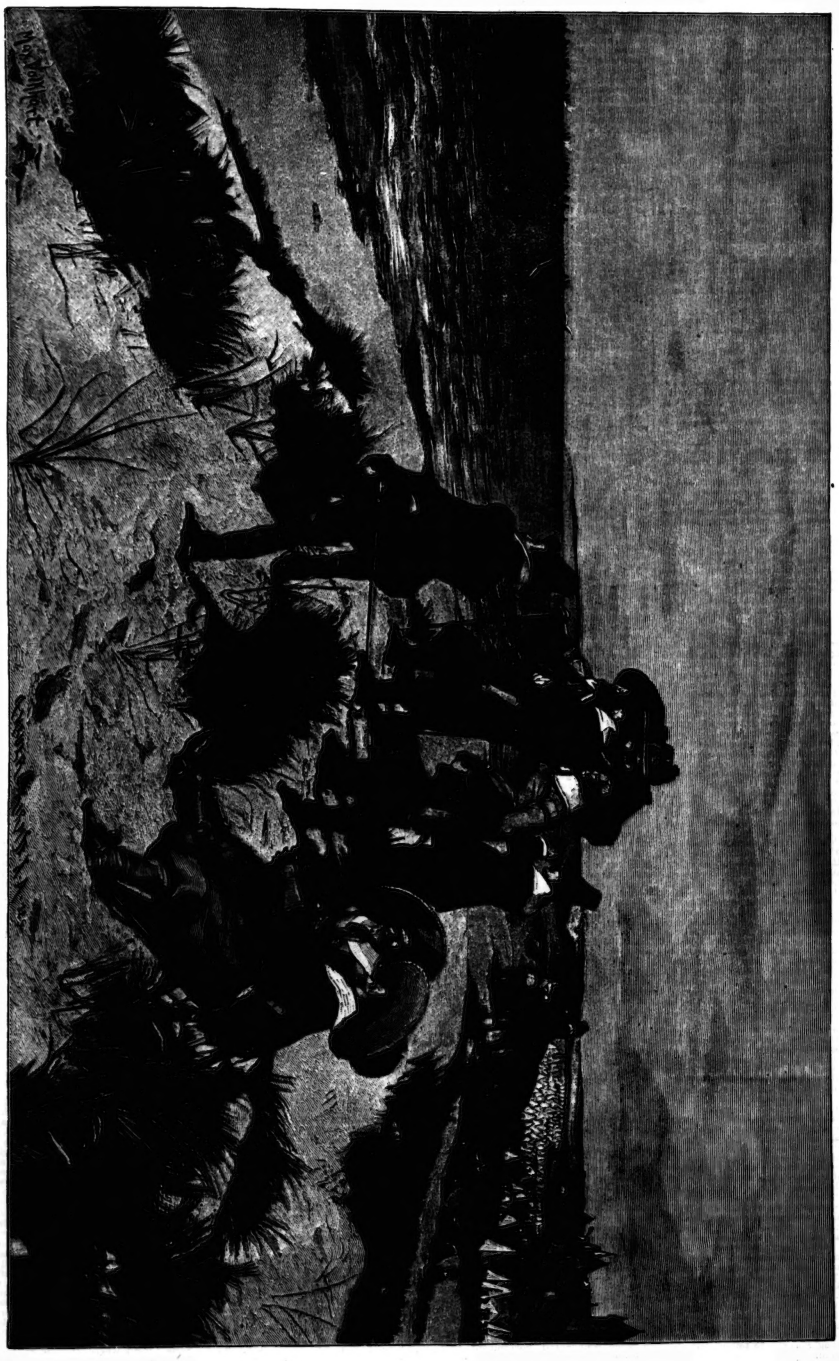
The Spanish Armada.

Three centuries ago this year Philip II., then King of Spain, determined to conquer England, and with this end in view he equipped the so-called Invincible Armada. It was the largest and most powerful fleet ever seen in those days, and was expected to sweep the seas. But the King of Spain overshot the mark, and this mighty fleet, like the Great Eastern of later days, was rendered more or less useless by the very quality which was supposed to give it superiority.

The Armada was composed of 130 vessels. It was to proceed via the Flemish coast to England. The English fleet at the time consisted of only thirty small vessels, but by vigorous exertions, and by the liberality of the merchants of London, it was increased to 180 vessels, manned by 17,500 sailors. They were wretchedly provisioned and so ill supplied with ammunition, that they could scarcely have made a serious fight but for the powder they captured from the enemy. The English army, numbering 64,500 men, was under the Earl of Leicester. From the start the great fleet was beset with disaster.

The English admiral kept himself ready for action, however, and had men constantly on the watch to report the first appearance of the Spanish fleet, and it is this which forms the subject for the accompanying illustration. As soon as it passed Plymouth on July 31, he stood out to its rear and opened a destructive fire. All the way along the channel the English followed the Armada taking skillful advantage of changing winds, harassing the Spaniards, capturing two or three of their best vessels, and yet keeping all the while virtually out of reach. The story is familiar to us all. War and waves completed the ruin. The remnant which reached Spain in September and October number only fifty-four vessels and nine or ten thousand starving men.



THE SIGHTING OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

A Domestic Difference.

It is a good thing for me that I am baldheaded already. Mrs. Spiff is a small, easy-going young person as a rule, but she is withal of an eminently practical turn of mind and not much given to the dreamy and poetic flights which her good husband occasionally indulges in. She firmly believes in the idea that a married man has no right to let his thoughts dwell on any woman other than his wife, so when she read last week's SATURDAY NIGHT she, so to speak, laid for me. I came home as usual. Mrs. Spiff was in tears. There were indications of weep all over the house, and the air seemed lumpy with evidences of many moans.

"For heaven's sake, my dear," I said, "what is the matter?"

"You horrid brute!" she sobbed. "I am not your dear!"

"Why, my dear——"

"I am *not* your dear!"

"But, my de——"

"I say I AM NOT your dear!"

"No," I said, "perhaps not. Might I ask, then, whose particular dear you happen to be?"

Mrs. Spiff glared at me mournfully and sobbed anew. In saturated gasps she told me she wasn't—boo-hoo—anybody's dear, and that I thought I was very smart, didn't I? and she was going right home to her mother.

I said, in my own pleasant and somewhat distingue way that I would sooner have her go right home to her mother than have her mother come right home to her.

This caused another optical outburst. She soaked another handkerchief or two and was evidently at a loss how to proceed. Finally she began:

"Charles?"

"Yes."

"I hate you!"

"Molly!"

"I do, I do— Oh, why did I ever marry you?"

I smiled. The storm was almost over. When a woman asks her husband why she ever married him, she is on the verge of reconciliation. I ventured a suggestion. "My superior appearance, my dear, coupled with my undeniably attractive manners, easy speech and pretty wit——"

"Augh!"

"But Molly!"

"Well?" (regretfully.)

"Will you tell me what all this is about?"

"I want to know who that woman is?"

"What woman?"

"That *other* woman."

"Who was that woman?"

"What woman?"

"Why, that huzzy."

"My dear, I am mystified."

"Don't 'my dear' me, and you are not mystified."

"No?"

"You know what I mean, perfectly well. I say who was she?"

"I don't understand."

"You wretch! To speak so untruthfully to me!"

"If I never speak more untruthfully, my character for veracity will be unexceptionable."

"You are a villain."

"I am?"

"And a scoundrel."

"You are my wife."

"My darling, there is no other woman."

She pulled a copy of SATURDAY NIGHT from some mysterious pocket in the folds of her dress. "You tell me that," she said, "and here is the damning evidence of your duplicity."

"My poor, little jealous dear," I said, fondling her head tenderly and dropping an occasional shy kiss on the golden tendrils that cling lovingly about her alabaster brow, "that happened a long, long while ago, before I met or heard of you."

"And do you never see her now?"

"Never. She is dead."

"Oh Charley! I am so sorry."

"And foolish." (I am a man. Forgive me. I could not help taking advantage of my advantage.)

"Y-e-e-s."

"My dear," I said in a lofty and condescending way, "let me give you some advice. If you can't sophisticate a truth when you get it, you can at least get it before you turn the crank. You should never jump to conclusions."

I drew from my pocket a scrap of paper, yellow, tattered and worn, ink faded and folds gaping. I held it before my wife. It was headed—

TO MOLLY.

To dream of Sue were p'raps as meet as
'Twere to dream of Polly;
But neither of 'em's half as sweet as
Molly.

To rave of other lips and eyes is
Maybe no great folly;
But why should I, when she *I* prize is
Molly?

To urge the nag and squeeze the girl is
Sometimes wildly jolly;
But not for me, unless the girl is
Molly.

And when I say, "Why are we doves?" Her
Answer comes, "'Cos Molly,
Where 'er she is, devoutly loves her
Cholly."

I am Cholly. I wrote that many years ago, when I bubbled over with devotion to the fair creature who for many moons has spent my salary and otherwise cared for me.

She read it now with almost the same trembling eagerness that she showed the first day I gave it to her. Every feeling has endless phases. The same emotions never come twice in life.

Why don't they?

Why, because they don't. When you get rid of an emotion, another may turn up approximating it somewhat, but not-the-same—not-the-same, as Ravennes says.

Tender-hearted little Molly looked at that rythmic infant lovingly and a big tear gathered slowly in either eye.

"Charles," she whispered, "remembering that lovely poem, how *could* I doubt you?"

"My angel," I said, almost on the verge of tears myself, "I don't see how you could."

SPIFF.

Their Golden Wedding.

The appropriate celebration of a half century of wedded bliss occurred a few evenings back at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Latimer, 54 Melbourne avenue, Parkdale, who joined hands and hearts together in Brockville fifty years ago on the 16th of this month. Nine children came to bless their union; two died. The others have grown up and flourished, and to-day the old people boast of their forty-two grand-children and seven great grand-children. Many of them were present at the happy reunion of a few nights since and vied with one another in presenting the old people with substantial evidences of their love and esteem, and in wishing them many more years of happiness. The evening was spent pleasantly. Mr. and Mrs. Latimer beamed serenely and brightly on those assembled, complimentary speeches were made, in which everybody said nice things about everybody, good things in profusion were eaten, and the evening passed off as pleasantly as a summer day. Among those present were Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Latimer of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Latimer of Lansdowne, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Loudon of Gananoque, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Emery of Pinkerton, Capt. and Mrs. Morgan of Parkdale, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Redmond of Parkdale, Mr. and Mrs. H. Wellington Burnett of Toronto, Mrs. and Miss Burnett of Parkdale, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Donohue of Parkdale, Mr. Robert J. and Miss Crothers of Northport.

The Laggard's Return.

This grove is where we often met
In days now seeming olden,
When bluets bloomed beneath our feet,
And dandelions golden.
Here, when the dogwood blossoms' sheaths
The coppice speckled creamy,
We wandered, sweet Lucille and I,
Both loving, fond and dreamy.

A passionate fondness filled our hearts;
Its mists obscured our vision;
This place then seemed a garden grand
Within a land Elysian.
As here I stand alone to-day,
The garden gate uncloses,
And memory with its magic touch
Revives the faded roses.

I was a boy of twenty, then,
And sixteen years had crowned her
With charms that seemed to eyes of mine
To cast a halo round her.
The rose and lily in her face
At every word commingled,
And at each modest glance she threw
The veins within me tingled.

But we were poor. "I need a cage
To put my bird within it:
For this I'll fortune seek abroad
And do my best to win it.
Be patient, sweet, and wait for me;
Five years will soon be over;
And then, with gold our home to bless,
You'll welcome back the rover."

We parted—ah! what sighs and tears
From hearts and eyes were starting!
What agony of woes and fears
Racked both of us at parting!
We sealed our pledge of constant truth
With innocent embraces—
Alas! the vows Love writes on sand
The tide of Time effaces.

Five years, and ten beside, I strove
With effort unabated;
A richer suitor came and she,
Weary with waiting, mated.
The wealth I won, but not the maid
For whom I sought it only
And poor, with all my store of gold,
I stand alone and lonely.

She is a proud and stately dame,
They tell me who have seen her,
Noted, far more than beauty rare,
For calm and cold demeanor.
I wonder if, in leisure hours,
The lady fair remembers
The fire that one time blazed within,
Now time has quenched the embers.

To-day, like golden balls on green,
The dandelions glisten;
The dog-tooth violets from the ground
Hold up their bells to listen;
The place in beauty is the same
As in my youth I found it;
But dreary now without the love
That cast a spell around it.

No Time Like The Present.

They were on the upper deck and the weather was inclined to be rough. They were discussing benevolence.

She—You know what the bible says, "Cast thy bread upon the waters."

He (hastily)—Ex-excuse me, I think I'll try it now.

And he rushed for the side of the vessel to see the color of the water.

FIRST HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

JOHN CANN'S TREASURE

I.

Cecil Mitford sat at a desk in the record office with a stained and tattered sheet of dark dirty-brown antique paper spread before him in triumph, and with an eager air of anxious enquiry speaking forth from every fibre in his white face and every convulsive twitch at the irrepressible corners of his firm pallid mouth. Yes, there was no doubt at all about it; the piece of torn and greasy paper which he had at last discovered was nothing more or less than John Cann's missing letter. For two years Cecil Mitford had given up all his leisure time, day or night, to the search for that lost fragment of crabbed seventeenth-century handwriting, and now at last, after years of hopeless appointments and so much fruitless anxious hunting, the clue to the secret of John Cann's treasure was lying there positively before him. The young man's hand trembled visibly as he held the paper fast unopened in his feverish grasp, and read upon its back the autograph endorsement of Charles the Second's Secretary of State—"Letter in cypher from Io. Cann, the noted Buccaneer, to his brother William, intercepted at Port Royal by his Maiste's command, and despatched by Colonel Ed. D'Oyley, his Maiste's Captain Gen'l and Governor-in-Chief of the Island of Jamaica, to me, H. Nicholas."

One other thing Cecil Mitford had discovered, with absolute certainty; and that was in the summer of 1660, the year of his Model's most happy restoration, as John Cann himself phrased it, the persecuted and much misunderstood old buccaneer had paid a secret visit to England, and had brought with him the whole hoard which he had accumulated during sixty years of lawful or unlawful piracy in the West Indies and the Spanish Main. Concerning this hoard, which he had concealed somewhere in Devonshire, he kept up a brisk correspondence in cypher with his brother William at Tavistock, and the key to that cypher, marked outside "A clew to my Bro. John's secret writing," Cecil Mitford had been fortunate enough to unearth among the undigested masses of the record office. But one letter, the last and most important of the whole series, containing as he believed the actual statement of the hiding-place had long evaded all his research, and that was the letter which, now at last, after months and months of patient inquiry, he held before his dazzled eyes on the little desk in his accustomed corner. It had somehow been folded up by mistake in the papers relating to the charge against Cyriack Skinner of complicity in the Rye House Plot. How it got there nobody knew and probably nobody but Cecil Mitford himself could ever have succeeded in solving the mystery.

As he gazed, trembling, at the precious piece of dusty much-creased paper, scribbled over in the unlettered schoolboy hand of the wild old seadog, Cecil Mitford could hardly restrain himself for a moment from uttering a cry. Untold wealth seemed to dance his eyes; he could marry Ethel now, and let her drive in her own carriage! He couldn't even read the words, he was so triumphant and excited. But after a minute or two he recovered his composure sufficiently to begin deciphering the crabbed writing, with a rapidity and readiness of facility with the system enabled him to do immediately without even referring to the key. And this was what, after a few minutes' inspection, Cecil Mitford slowly spelled out of the dirty manuscript:

From Jamaica. This 23rd day of Jany. in the Years of our Lord 1661.

"My deare Bro.,—I did not think to have written you againe, after the scurvie Trick you have played me in disclosing my Affairs to that medlesome Knight that calls himself the King's Secretary: but in truth your last Letter hath so moved me by your Vileness that I must needs reply thereto with all Expedicion. These are to assure you that unless that you pray for you may, or gloze over your base treatment with fine cozening Words and fair Promises, you shall have neither Pt nor Pence out of Threasure, which is indeed as you surmise hidden away in England, but the Secret whereof I shall impart neither to you nor to no man, tile you give commands. Moreover, that the Paper whereunto I have committed the place of its hiding shall be buried with my own Body (when God pleases) in the graveyard of Port Royal in this Island: so that you shall never be bettered one Penny by your most Damnable Treachery and Dissimulacion. I know you, my deare Bro., in very truth for a prating Coxcomb, a scurvie cowardlie Knave, and a lying Thief of other Men's Reputations. Therefore, no more hereof from your very humble Servt and Loving Bro.

"John Cann, Captn."

Cecil Mitford laid the paper down as he finished reading it with the blank expression of paler than before, and with the muscles of his mouth trembling violently with suppressed emotion. At the exact second when he felt sure he had discovered the momentous secret, it had slipped mysteriously through his very fingers, and seemed now to float away into the remote distance, almost as far away as the eager grasp as ever. Even there, in the musty record office, before all the clerks and scholars who were sitting about working quietly at their desks at mere dilettante historical problems—the stupid prigs how he hated them!—he could hardly restrain the expression of his pent-up feelings at that bitter disappointment in the very hour of fancied triumph. Jamaica! How absolutely distant and unapproachable it sounded! How hopeless the attempt to follow up the clue! How utterly his day dream had been dashed to the ground in those three minutes of hard deciphering! He felt as if the solid earth was reeling beneath him, and he would have given the whole world if he could have put his face between his two hands on the desk and cried like a woman before the whole record office.

For half an hour by the clock he sat there dazed and motionless, gazing in a blank, disappointed fashion at the sheet of coffee-colored paper in front of him. It was late, and workers were dropping away one after another from the scantily peopled desks. But Cecil Mitford took no notice of them: he merely sat with his arms folded and gazed abstractedly at that disappointing, disheartening, irretrievable piece of crabbed writing. At last an assistant came up and touched his arm gently. "We're going to close now, sir," he said in his unfeeling monotone—just as if it were a mere bit of historical enquiry he was after—"and I shall be obliged if you put back the manuscripts you have been consulting into F. 27." Cecil Mitford rose mechanically and sorted out the Cyriack Skinner papers into their proper places. Then he laid them quietly on the shelf, and walked out into the streets of London, for the moment a broken-hearted man.

But as he walked home alone that clear warm summer evening, and felt the cool breeze blowing against his forehead, he began to reflect to himself that after all it was just the that in fact things really stood better with him now than they had stood that very morning, before he lighted upon John Cann's last letter. He had not discovered the actual hiding-place of the hoard, to be sure, but he now knew on John Cann's own indisputable authority, first, that there really was a hidden treasure; second, that the hiding-place was really in England; and third, that full particulars as to the spot where it was buried might be found in John Cann's own coffin at Port Royal, Jamaica. It was a risky and difficult thing to open a coffin, no doubt; but it was not impossible. No, not impossible, by a long shot, if he could only get with another, in spite of his terrible galling disappointment, he was really nearer to the recovery of the treasure than he had been in his life before. Till to-day the final clue was missing; to-day, it had been found. It was a difficult and dangerous clue to follow, but still he had found it.

And yet, setting aside the question of descrating a grave, how all but impossible it was for him to follow up the clue! Cecil Mitford had all long ago been exhausted in prosecuting his researches, and he had nothing on earth to live upon except his salary as a clerk. From if he could get three or six months' leave from the colonial office, which was highly improbable, how could he ever raise the necessary money for the voyage out and home, and also for the delicate and doubtful operation of searching for documents in John Cann's coffin! It was totally impossible, it was simply and unendurable, but here, with the secret actually during him on to discover it, he was to be foiled and baffled at the last moment by a mere paltry, petty, foolish consideration of two hundred pounds! Two hundred pounds! How utterly ludicrous! Why, John Cann's treasure would make him a man of fabulous wealth for a whole lifetime, and he was to be prevented from realizing it by a wretched matter of two hundred pounds! He would do anything to get it—for a loan, a mere loan, to be repaid with cent. per cent. interest—but where in the world, where in the world was he ever to get it from!

And then, quick as lightning, the true solution of the whole difficulty flashed at once across his excited brain. He could borrow all the money it from Ethel! Poor little Ethel! Ethel! she hadn't much of her own; but she had just enough to live very quietly upon with her Aunt Emily; and, thank Heaven, it wasn't tied up with any of those bothering, meddling, three per cent. loving trustees! She had her little all at her own disposal, and he could borrow two or three hundred pounds from her to secure for them both the boundless buried wealth of John Cann's treasure.

He make her a present of it outright, and tell her what it was that he wanted the money for? No, that would be impossible, for, though she had heard all about John Cann over and over again, she had not faith enough in the treasure—women are so unpractical—to hazard her little scrap of money on it; it was not certain. She would go and ask old Mr. Cartwright's opinion; and old Mr. Cartwright was one of those penny-wise, purblind, uninaginative old gentlemen who will never venture in anything until they've seen it. Yet here was John Cann's money going a-begging, so to speak, and waiting for him and Ethel to come and enjoy it. Cecil had no patience with those stupid, stick-in-the-mud, timid people who can see no further than their own noses. Let Ethel's own sake he would borrow two or three hundred pounds from her, lone way or another, and she would easily forgive him the innocent little deception when he paid her back a hundredfold out of John Cann's boundless treasure.

II.

That very evening, without a minute's delay, Cecil determined to go round and have a talk with Ethel Sutherland. "Strike while the iron's hot," he said to himself. "There isn't a minute to be lost; for who knows but somebody else may find John Cann's treasure before I do?"

Ethel opened the door to him herself; theirs was an old engagement of long standing, after the usual government clerk fashion. Ethel's Aunt Emily didn't stand out so stiffly as many old maids do for the regular proprieties. Very pretty Ethel looked with her pale face and her red ribbons in her hair; very pretty, but Cecil feared, as he looked into her dark hazel eyes, a little wearied and worn out, for it was her music lesson day, as he well remembered. Her music lesson day! Ethel Sutherland to give music lessons to some wretched squealing children! Yet, at the very moment when John Cann's wealth was lying there, uncounted, only waiting for him and her to take it and enjoy it! The bare thought was a perfect purgatory to him. He must get that two hundred pounds to-night, or give up the enterprise altogether.

"Well, Ethel darling," he said tenderly, taking her pretty little hand in his; "you look tired, dearest. Those horrid children have been bothering you again. How I wish we two were married, and you were well out of it!"

Ethel smiled a quiet smile of resignation. "They are rather trying, Cecil," she said gently, "especially on days when one has got a headache, but after all I'm very glad to have the work to do; it helps such a lot to eke out our little income. We have so very little, you know, and I'm too lonely women to live upon in simple little lodgings like these, that I'm thankful I can do something to help dear Aunt Emily, who's really goodness itself. You see, after all, I get very well paid indeed for the lessons."

"Ethel," Cecil Mitford said, suddenly, thinking it better to dash at once into the real business, "I've come round this evening to talk with you about a means by which you can add a great deal with perfect safety to your little income. Not by lessons, Ethel darling, not by lessons. I can't bear to see you working the pretty tips off those dear little fingers of mine, and strumming scales in the drawing-room lot of stupid, gawky school girls; it's by a much simpler way than that. I know of a perfectly safe investment for that three hundred that you've got in New Zealand four per cents. Can you not have heard that New Zealand securities are in a very shaky way just at present?"

"Very shaky, Cecil!" Ethel answered in surprise. "Why, Mr. Cartwright told me only two days ago they were as safe as the Bank of England!"

"Mr. Cartwright's an ignorant old martinet," Cecil replied vigorously. "He thinks because the stock is inscribed and the dividends are payable in Threadneedle street that the colony of New Zealand's perfectly solvent. Now, I'm in the colonial office, and I know a great deal better than that. New Zealand has over-borrowed, I assure you, quite over-borrowed, and the ground in those three minutes of hard deciphering! He felt as if the solid earth was reeling beneath him, and he would have given the whole world if he could have put his face between his two hands on the desk and cried like a woman before the whole record office.

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But as he walked home alone that clear warm summer evening, and felt the cool breeze blowing against his forehead, he began to reflect to himself that after all it was just the that in fact things really stood better with him now than they had stood that very morning, before he lighted upon John Cann's last letter. He had not discovered the actual hiding-place of the hoard, to be sure, but he now knew on John Cann's own indisputable authority, first, that there really was a hidden treasure; second, that the hiding-place was really in England; and third, that full particulars as to the spot where it was buried might be found in John Cann's own coffin at Port Royal, Jamaica. It was a risky and difficult thing to open a coffin, no doubt; but it was not impossible. No, not impossible, by a long shot, if he could only get with another, in spite of his terrible galling disappointment, he was really nearer to the recovery of the treasure than he had been in his life before. Till to-day the final clue was missing; to-day, it had been found. It was a difficult and dangerous clue to follow, but still he had found it.

And yet, setting aside the question of desecrating a grave, how all but impossible it was for him to follow up the clue! Cecil Mitford had all long ago been exhausted in prosecuting his researches, and he had nothing on earth to live upon except his salary as a clerk. From if he could get three or six months' leave from the colonial office, which was highly improbable, how could he ever raise the necessary money for the voyage out and home, and also for the delicate and doubtful operation of searching for documents in John Cann's coffin! It was totally impossible, it was simply and unendurable, but here, with the secret actually during him on to discover it, he was to be foiled and baffled at the last moment by a mere paltry, petty, foolish consideration of two hundred pounds! Two hundred pounds! How utterly ludicrous! Why, John Cann's treasure would make him a man of fabulous wealth for a whole lifetime, and he was to be prevented from realizing it by a wretched matter of two hundred pounds! He would do anything to get it—for a loan, a mere loan, to be repaid with cent. per cent. interest—but where in the world, where in the world was he ever to get it from!

And then, quick as lightning, the true solution of the whole difficulty flashed at once across his excited brain. He could borrow all the money it from Ethel! Poor little Ethel! Ethel; she hadn't much of her own; but she had just enough to live very quietly upon with her Aunt Emily; and, thank Heaven, it wasn't tied up with any of those bothering, meddling, three per cent. loving trustees! She had her little all at her own disposal, and he could borrow two or three hundred pounds from her to secure for them both the boundless buried wealth of John Cann's treasure.

He make her a present of it outright, and tell her what it was that he wanted the money for? No, that would be impossible, for, though she had heard all about John Cann over and over again, she had not faith enough in the treasure—women are so unpractical—to hazard her little scrap of money on it; it was not certain. She would go and ask old Mr. Cartwright's opinion; and old Mr. Cartwright was one of those penny-wise, purblind, uninaginative old gentlemen who will never venture in anything until they've seen it. Yet here was John Cann's money going a-begging, so to speak, and waiting for him and Ethel to come and enjoy it. Cecil had no patience with those stupid, stick-in-the-mud, timid people who can see no further than their own noses. Let Ethel's own sake he would borrow two or three hundred pounds from her, lone way or another, and she would easily forgive him the innocent little deception when he paid her back a hundredfold out of John Cann's boundless treasure.

III.

It was an awfully long time, that eighteen days at sea, on the royal mail steamship Don, bound for Kingston, Jamaica, with old John Cann's secret for ever on one's mind, and nothing to do all day, by way of outlet for one's burning energy, but to look hour after hour, at the monotonous rolling of the heaving waves. But at last the journey was over; and before Cecil Mitford had been twenty-four hours at Dake Tree Cottage, the chief hotel in Kingston, he had already hired a boat and sailed across the baking hot harbor to Port Royal, to look in the dreary, sandy cemetery for any sign or token of John Cann's grave.

"Oh, great heavens, yes. John Cann's grave! John Cann's grave!"

An old gray-haired negro, digging at a fresh grave, had charge of the cemetery, and to him Cecil Mitford at once addressed himself, to find out whether any tombstone about the place bore the name of John Cann. The old man pondered the question over carefully in his wrinkled brains, and then shook his heavy gray head with a decided negative. "Massa John Cann, sah," he said dubiously. "Massa John Cann; I guess dat's nobody buried here by the name of Massa Cann. I sartin, sah, because I'a sexton in dis here cemetery dese fifty year, an' I know de grave ob ebbery buckra gentleman dat ebber buried here since I fuss came."

Cecil Mitford tossed his head angrily. "Since you first came, my good man," he said with deep impatience. "Since you first came! Why, John Cann was buried here ages and ages before you yourself were ever born or thought of."

The old negro looked up at him inquiringly. "Dat am de ebbery buckra gentleman dat ebber buried here." Yes, his host was right! right, right, right, indubitably. The first two letters were lo, then a blank space followed, where the rest of the name came ann. That stood clearly for Iohn Cann. And below he could slowly make out the words, "Born at Devon . . . a very Turk . . . Died in an illegible date. "Died at P . . . Royal, May 12, 1669." Oh, great heavens, yes. John Cann's grave! John Cann's grave! John Cann's grave! Every single word shadow out his mistake, John Cann and his precious secret lay buried below that mouldering tombstone.

That very evening Cecil Mitford brought out and found the Spanish Town grave-digger. He was a solemn-looking middle-aged black man, with a keen smart face, not the wrong sort of man, Cecil Mitford thought, for such a job as the one he contemplated. Cecil didn't beat about the bush or temporize with him in any way. He went straight to the point, and asked the man outright whether he would undertake to open John Cann's grave, and find a paper that was hidden in the coffin. The grave-digger stared at him, and answered slowly, "I don't like de job, sah; I don't like de job. Perhaps Massa John Cann's ghost, him come and trouble me for dat. I don't going to do it. What you gib me, sah; how much you gib me?"

Cecil opened his purse and took out of it ten

IV.

It was not for long, however. Cecil Mitford had at least one quality, indomitable energy and perseverance. All was not yet lost; if need were he would hunt for John Cann's tomb in the very submerged ruins of Port Royal. He looked up the sexton at the puzzled negro, and tried to bear this bitter downfall of all his hopes with manful resignation.

The sexton was a tall and commanding-looking man, of about sixty, with white hair but erect figure, walked slowly from the cocoanut grove on the sand-spit into the dense and tangled precincts of the cemetery. He was a brown man, a mulatto apparently, but his look and bearing showed him at once for a person of education and distinction in his own fashion. The old sexton rose up respectfully as the stranger approached, and said to him, in a very different tone from that in which he had addressed Cecil Mitford, "Marnin, sah; marnin, Mr. Barclay. Dis here buckra gentleman from England', he come 'quiring in de cemetery after de grave of a gentleman dat died before de great earthquake. What for him come here like a dat on fool's errand, eh, sah? What for him not larn before him come dat Port Royal all gone drowned in de year 1692?"

The new comer raised his hat slightly to Cecil Mitford, and spoke at once in the grave gentle voice of an educated and cultivated mulatto: "You wanted some antiquarian information about the island, sir; some facts about someone who died before the great Port Royal earthquake? You have luckily stumbled across the right man to help you: for I think it anything can be recovered about anybody in Jamaica, I can aid you in recovering it. Whose grave did you want to see?"

Cecil hardly waited to thank the polite stranger, before he put the question. "The grave of John Cann, who died in 1669."

The stranger smiled quietly. "What John Cann, the famous buccaneer? he said, with evident delight. "Are you interested in John Cann?"

"I am," Cecil answered hastily. "Do you know anything about him?"

"I know all about him," the tall mulatto replied. "All about him in every way. He was no buccaneer, sir, but a very Turk in character to be, and gave orders to that effect; but his servants had him buried quietly elsewhere, on account of some dispute with the governor of the time being, about a stranger which he desired to have placed in his coffin.

"Where, where?" Cecil Mitford gasped out eagerly, clutching at a drown straw with all the anxiety of a drowning man.

"At Spanish Town," the stranger answered calmly. "I keep the grave keys well to the present day. If you are interested in Jamaican antiquities, and would like to come over and see it, I shall be happy to show you the tomb. That is my name, sir." And he handed Cecil Mitford his card, with all the courteous dignity of a born gentleman.

Cecil took the card and read the name on it: "Dake Tree Cottage, Barclay, Leigh Caymanas, Spanish Town." How his heart bounded again that minute! Proof was accumulating on proof, and luck! luck! After all, he had tracked down John Cann's grave, and the paper was really there, buried in his coffin. He took it in a kind of trance from his pocket and wiped his damp brow with a feeling of unspeakable relief. Ethel was saved, and they might still enjoy John Cann's treasure.

Mr. Barclay sat down beside him on the stone and he began talking over all he knew about John Cann and his actions. Cecil affected to be interested in all his stories, though really he could think of one thing only: the treasure, the treasure, the treasure! But he managed also to let Mr. Barclay see how much he too knew about the old buccaneer, and Mr. Barclay, who was a simple-minded learned enthusiast for all that concerned the antiquities of his native island, was so wrapped up in his display of local knowledge on the part of a stranger and an Englishman, that he ended by inviting Cecil over to his house in Spanish Town, to stop as long as he was able. Cecil gladly accepted the invitation, and that very afternoon, with a beating heart he took his place in the lumbering train that carried him over to the final goal of his Jamaican expedition.

V.

In a corner of the Cathedral grave-yard at Spanish Town, overhung by a big spreading mango-tree, and thickly covered by prickly scrub of the cactus species, that bore the old mulatto gentleman led Cecil Mitford up to a water-worn and weathered stone, on which a few crumbling letters were still legible. Cecil kneeled down on the bare ground, regardless of the sharp cactus spines that stung and tore his flesh, and began clearing the moss and lichen away from the inscription underneath. Yes, his host was right! right, right, right, indubitably. The first two letters were Io, then a blank space followed, where the rest of the name came ann. That stood clearly for Iohn Cann. And below he could slowly make out the words, "Born at . . . a very Turk . . . Devon . . . Died in an illegible date. "Died at P . . . Royal, May 12, 1669." Oh, great heavens, yes. John Cann's grave! John Cann's grave! John Cann's grave! Every single word shadow out his mistake, John Cann and his precious secret lay buried below that mouldering tombstone.

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He clutched at the headstone to keep him from falling, and sat down hazily on the flat tomb, beside the gray-headed old negro, like one unmanned and utterly disheartened. It was only too true with his intimate knowledge of John Cann's life, and of West Indian affairs generally, how on earth could he ever have overlooked it? John Cann's grave lay buried five fathoms deep, no doubt; under the blue water of the Caribbean; and it was for this that he had madly thrown up his colonial office appointment, for this that he had wasted Ethel's money, for this that he had burdened his conscience with a world of lies; all to find in the end that John Cann's secret was hidden under five fathoms of tropical lagoon, among the scattered and waterlogged ruins of Old Port Royal. His fortitude failed him for a single moment, and burying his face in his two hands, there, under the sweltering midday heat of that deadly sandbank, he broke down utterly, and sobbed like a child before the very eyes of the now softened old negro sexton.

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gold sovereigns. "I will give you that," he said, "if you can get me the paper out of John Cann's coffin."

The negro's eyes glistened, but he answered carelessly, "I don't think I can do it. I don't want to open grabe by night, and if I open him by day de magistrates dem will hab me up for desecration of interment. But I can do dis for you, sah. If you like to wait till some buckra gentleman die—John Cann grabe among de white man side in de grabeyard—I will dig grabe alongside ob John Cann one day, so you come yourself in the night and take what you like out ob him coffin. I don't go meddle with coffin myself, to make de Obeah Cann duppy trouble me, and magistrate send me off about me business."

It was a risky thing to do, certainly, but Cecil Mitford closed with it, and promised the man ten pounds if ever he could recover John Cann's paper. And then he settled down quietly at Leigh Caymanas with his friends to wait, waiting with eager anxious expectation—till some white person should die at Spanish town.

What an endless, aimless time it seemed to wait before anybody could be comfortably buried! Black people die by the score, of course: there was a small-pox epidemic on, and they went to wakes over one negroes dead bodies in wretched hovels among the back alleys, and caught the infection and sickened and died as fast as the wildest imagination could wish them, but then, they were buried apart by themselves in the pauper part of the Cathedral cemetery. Still no white man caught the small-pox and few mulattoes, they had all been vaccinated, and no body got ill except the poorest negroes. Cecil Mitford waited with almost fiendish eagerness to hear that some prominent white man was dead or dying.

A month, six weeks, two months went slowly past, and still nobody of consequence in all Spanish town fell ill or sickened. Talk about tropical diseases! why, the place was abominably, atrociously, outrageously healthy. Cecil Mitford fretted and fumed and worried by himself, wondering whether he would be kept there for ever and ever, waiting till some useless nobody chose to die. The worst of it all was, he could tell nobody his troubles; he had to pretend to look unconcerned and interested, and listen to all old Mr. Barclay's stories about maroons and buccaneers as if he really enjoyed them.

At last, after Cecil had been two full months at Spanish Town, he heard one morning with grim satisfaction that yellow fever had broken out at Port Antonio. Now yellow fever, as he knew full well, attacks only white men, or men of white blood, and Cecil felt sure that before long there would be somebody white dead in Spanish Town. Not that he was really wicked or malevolent, or even unfeeling at heart; but his wild desire to discover John Cann's treasure had now overridden every better instinct of his nature, and had enslaved him, body and soul, till he could think of nothing in any light save that of its bearing on his one mad imagination. So he waited a little longer, still more eagerly than before, till yellow fever should come to Spanish Town.

Sure enough the fever did come in good time, and the very first person who sickened with it was Cecil Mitford. That was a contingency he had never dreamt of, and for the time being it drove John Cann's treasure almost out of his feverish memory. Yet not entirely even so, for in his delirium he raved of John Cann and his doubloons, till good old Mr. Barclay, nursing at his bedside like a woman, as a tender-hearted mulatto always will nurse any casual young white man, shook his head to himself and muttered gloomily that poor Mr. Mitford had overworked his brain sadly in his mania historical investigations.

For ten days Cecil Mitford hovered fitfully between life and death, and for ten days good Mr. Barclay waited on him; morning, noon and night, as devotedly as any mother could wait upon her first-born. At the end of that time he began to mend slowly; and as soon as his brain was over he forgot forthwith all about his illness, and thought once more of nothing on earth save only John Cann's treasure. Was anybody else ill of the fever in Spanish Town? Yes, two, but not dangerously. Cecil's face fell at that saving clause, and in his heart he almost ventured to wish it had been otherwise. He was no murderer, even in thought; but John Cann's treasure! John Cann's treasure! John Cann's treasure! What would not a man venture to do or pray, in order that he might become the possessor of John Cann's treasure!

As Cecil began to mend a curious thing happened at Leigh Caymanas, contrary to almost all the previous medical experience of the whole island. Mr. Barclay, though a full mulatto of half black blood, suddenly sickened with the yellow fever. He had worn himself out with nursing Cecil, and the virus seemed to have got into his blood in a way that it would never have done under other circumstances. And when the doctor came to see him he declared at once that the symptoms were very serious. Cecil hated and loathed himself for the thought, and yet, in a horrid, indefinite way he gloated over the possibility of his kind and hospitable friend's dying. Mr. Barclay had tended him so carefully that he almost loved him, and yet, with John Cann's treasure before his very eyes, in a dim, uncertain, awful fashion he almost looked forward to his dying. But where would he be buried? That was the question. Not, surely, among the poor black people in the pauper corner, as a man of his host's distinction and position would certainly deserve a place among the most exalted white graves—near the body of Governor Modyford, and not far from the tomb of John Cann himself.

Day after day Mr. Barclay sank slowly but surely, and Cecil weak and hardly conscious of himself, sat watching by his bedside, and nursing him as tenderly as the good brown man had nursed Cecil himself in his turn a week earlier. The young clerk was no hard-hearted wretch who could see a kind entertainer die without a single passing pang; he felt for the gray-old mulatto as deeply as he could have felt for his own brother, if he had had one. Every time there was a sign of suffering or feebleness, it went to Cecil's heart like a knife—but he knowledge that on one side of his nature he wished the man to die, made him all the more anxious and careful on the other side to do everything he could to save him, if possible, or at least to alleviate his sufferings. Poor old man! it was horrible to see him lying there, parched with fever and dying by inches; but then—John Cann's treasure, John Cann's treasure, John Cann's treasure! every shade that passed over the good mulatto's face brought Cecil Mitford a stage step nearer to the final enjoyment of John Cann's treasure.

(To be Continued.)

Brief Bliss.

"Did e'er you know five minutes," said the misanthrope to me,
"Five minutes in your life, sir, when from trouble you were free,
Five minutes of true happiness, of pleasure unalloyed,
In which within your heart you did not feel an aching void?"

"Oh, yes, I've known five minutes, sir, of happiness in life,
Five minutes when I quite forgot all trouble and all strife;
'Twas when a maiden said to me, while driving in a sleigh,
'I'll give you just five minutes, John, to take your arm away!'"

—Boston Courier

Love's Mortgages.

An old fellow, a graduate of the old school, and who had taken considerable whisky during recess, was censured by one of his friends on account of his disposition to fall in love with every handsome woman whom he met.

"You are too old for such foolishness, Tom. And, besides that, you are a married man."

"I know all that," the old fellow replied, "but the human heart, no matter how heavily mortgaged, is ever ready to go deeper in debt."

Little Wasp.

CHAPTER I.

"Do you think a coquette can ever be true?"

This remark was addressed to me by an old schoolfellow with whom I kept up a friendship.

"Do I think a coquette can be true? No; but Little Wasp can.

"But a greater flirt never lived!" cried my companion. "She talks to all the fellows about; and I dare say half of them think she is in love with them, just as I do,' he said, dashing the ash from his cigar against the five-pound plate which was on purpose for the ash.

"I don't think Little Wasp a coquette, in a real true sense," I observed. "She talks to every fellow, I know, but she behaves at the time as if unconscious that she's doing anything out of the way. But then American girls are not like English girls."

"Here again," said Jack, facing round and looking at me as if I were his bitterest enemy instead of the most forbearing friend in the world, and indeed I had proved myself this; for had I not listened to his meandering talk about Little Wasp for hours together and never pronounced myself bored?

It will be judged from this that I was not one of the young lady's favored gentlemen, and indeed I was not. I got none of her smiles and a great many of those sharp answers which had gained her her nickname, answers which, coming through less beautiful lips, might have exasperated a man. But her manner air and exquisite loveliness made everything she did or said appear right at the moment. It was afterwards, upon reflection, and when her face was not there to be with one, that one called her cruel and unfeeling, and all sorts of other names one would have been ashamed even to think in her presence. But I am digressing.

I had spoken of her being American, and Jack had turned upon me angrily with "There again! She and her mother came from no one knows where, and are no one knows why; and here am I belonging to one of the oldest families—"

Here I interrupted him. I had no particular ancestors to trace my descent from, and no coat-of-arms to brag about; and as I knew by heart all Jack's ancestors as far back as Adam I did not want to hear any more of them, which Little Wasp would have said directly was jealousy.

"All right, old fellow," said Jack. "I'm not going to give you the tree this time, and you come of a better stock than I do or you wouldn't be what you are."

I was considerably mollified by this remark, and, relaxing the severity of my countenance, said: "You were about to observe—"

"Yes," said Jack. "I was about to observe that I am ready to die for that girl."

"In which respect," I replied, "you are not so distinguished from your fellows as by your tree."

"Very likely," he answered, mournfully. "But, after all, the question at issue is, which of us is she ready to die for?"

How I remembered that remark later on, when I knew the end of the story!

"Little Wasp die!" I said, laughing. "She'll live her Summer-day life and then just disappear, to make war and anarchy in heaven once more, the little witch! One cannot think of Little Wasp dying."

"Well, then, which of us will she live for?" asked Jack, with some asperity.

"I wonder how many of the fellows have asked her?" I replied with great calmness. "If you mean business, I must say you are taking it uncommonly cool. Somebody will be marrying her off, sting and all, while you are thinking about it. There was Captain Esher round there to-night as I passed the gate."

"Look here," said Jack, "I'll go round there this very night, and the old one's so anxious to marry the girl off her hands that she won't deny me admission; and I'll be a bit of a trial when I tell her I sail so soon for Melbourne. By the way," he said, breaking off suddenly and looking at me with a whimsical punctilio, "I'll go round there this very night, and I'll tell him without. I'll just present myself to see them off when they sail, as of course they will. Little Wasp, for all her baby looks, will know better than to throw over a man of his property and position." And truly I was trying as hard as I could to think her mercenary, though I have since learnt how desperately I must have been endeavoring to quench something so much warmer for her in my heart. I would go and see them off, and then when the man should call out "All visitors on land!" I should just stick there and let them find out I had taken my passage.

I was disappointed of this piece of diplomacy, for Jack came up to my lodging very late in the evening, and he looked so buoyant and happy that I knew it was all settled; and why shouldn't it be? (this latter a little admonition delivered internally, for some part of me that would sigh in thinking of it).

"Yes, it's all right, old boy," he said, clapping me on the shoulder, which I a little resented, for the weight of his hand was not light; "and she has cared for me all along and thought I was never going to ask her."

"The chance she has," I said, sticking a knife into a loaf of bread in front of me, for I had been eating my supper.

He looked a little surprised at my expression, but he was too full of his own happiness to notice me much, and rattled on, seating himself upon the table in a manner which would have alarmed my landlady could she have seen him, for that article of furniture was none of the newest nor the most modern. It was round, and stood upon a center pedestal, and had a great tendency to lurch; and I had discovered three different catalogue numbers of sales upon it underneath. But I am digressing.

"I want but one thing to complete my happiness," Jack said; and the table creaked under him, and caused the cheese to run a race with the knife along the dish. "If only you could get your appointment and go out with us."

Now was my time. I looked up with an injured air. "I got the notice that I was appointed this morning."

"Why in the name of all the gods didn't you tell a fellow?"

"I should like to know what chance I had," I replied. "For the last six months there has been only one subject of conversation between us, and Little Wasp has—"

Here he interrupted me.

"Look here, old fellow," he said: "we must drop that absurd nickname. Her real name is Ellen."

"Absurd!" I ejaculated. "Little Wasp is Little Wasp, and can be nothing else to any of us when I speak of her. But of course," I added with some dignity, "she will have a new name to be called by soon, and I shall use that."

"Nonsense, old fellow," replied my friend, "we are not going to make a stranger of you, and you are welcome to call her Ellen like me."

I thanked him with a little of a sneer in my tone, I am afraid, and respectfully declined.

"As you like," said Jack, giving the table a fearful wrench. In fact, such was the danger I was compelled to remonstrate, and suggest that there were chairs in the room, even if not of the most desirable shape and softness.

"Ah, to be sure—I thought it was rickety," he said, descending from his perch and seating himself next upon my camp stool, which collapsed under him, resulting in bursts of laughter from both of us.

"It's only getting my hand in for the Bay of Biscay, and hang it if I care for anything," he said, seating himself with some care in my arm-chair, "now that angel has linked her lot with mine."

"What are you calling her an angel for?" I said. Somehow I could not bear to hear him run on. "I'll allow she's a very pretty little sinner."

"Sinner!" cried Jack, knocking down my cigar-case from a cupboard near his elbow with magnificent indifference. "I like that! She who is as stainless as—"

Here I interrupted him. "Don't go on," I said. "I know the rest, and you know we've all been so used to talking of her lightly" ("and thinking seriously," I added, mentally).

"Far too lightly," said Jack, with asperity, "and I won't hear any more of it. She'll be Mrs. Percival in a few days' time, and if that captain shows his nose near—"

"Don't threaten," I said. "The landlady is always listening at the door, and when I open it she's always just going to knock. Besides, it would look like distrust to be behaving in that manner, and I don't think that's fair to her, coquette though she has been."

"Well, it can't matter much, for we are all going away," said Jack, rising and lighting up.

CHAPTER II.

The scene had changed; and I, who thought myself practical and free of sentiment, while others made love or fooled, as I termed it, around me, was now feeling as I leaned, not against five-barred gate, but against the bulwark of the poop of a vessel with the raging Bay of Biscay all surrounding us, that I had a great deal of sentiment in we after all; and indeed there is nothing like a great storm to bring out the true woman in a man, which is there sure enough if it can only be roused; just as my poor Little Wasp proved there was plenty of the man, or manly courage, in a frail, sweetly nature-painted little woman.

She was with her husband below now, cheering and consoling him, I was sure; for she who had on coming on board shuddered only lest blackbeetles might be in the cabin, was now strong and firm and even cheerful since the captain had told us he feared we could never weather the gale.

There were very many passengers on board. I don't know the number, for I could never read the newspaper accounts. But Ellen Percival, in her blue serge, was hither and thither, consoling mothers, comforting children and even taking off little trinkets for them to play with. And how these children played on the very verge of eternity! They were not terrified, the majority of them, and if they were, Little Wasp, with her gentle voice, which had no sting now for any one, coaxed them into happiness, and hid away in her own great tender heart all she must have been feeling then.

"Have you no fear?" I said to her as a lifeboat was launched and was seen to go to pieces instantly in that terrible sea.

She was standing with her husband's arm about her as I spoke.

"Jack is here," was her reply.

The battered crew of the lifeboat, rescued all but one, persisted that they would make no further attempt. They resisted the captain's command to launch the iron pinnace, which would hold fifty souls. No, they would go down with the old craft, they said doggedly.

And now, to make matters worse, half the crew, who were Malays, refused to do anything and went to their berths, as it became necessary for the passengers to take their places. Jack and I were strong, and we went to the pumps.

The storm continued with redoubled fury. The water was rising rapidly in the cabin, and there the stewardess helped the parents to place their children deeper than the water, thus putting off by so little the inevitable.

It was now resolved that the pinnace should be lowered by means of the davits. But only three of the passengers were willing to enter it when launched. They had been terrified by the fate of the lifeboat. I was one of the passengers, and I almost feel guilty in writing it, seeing that they were not the other two.

Few will believe how great a sacrifice I made for the old mother at home depending on me. To have died with her as he did would have seemed bliss to me. But my life belonged to my old mother at home.

"There is little chance for you in the boat," said the captain to the first mate; "here there is none. You have done your duty, God bless you. Do what you can for this craft," and the two shook hands as for eternity.

The pumps had been abandoned, and Jack with his arm around his wife stood near and heard. "You will go, Ellen," he said. "I have your mother. We," he said glancing with a kind of rapture at the wistful little face leaning against his pea-jacket—"we will not be separated."

I still hoped, as I said "Good-bye," that they would join us, but the crew, finding the passengers held back, had come on to the boat and taken their places, at which the captain smiled grimly. He smiled even more as one of the other passengers went over the side of the vessel with a black bag carefully held, to think he should care for his possessions at a moment like this. There was no time to lose, for the good ship was settling fast. We had some biscuits and a compass, but no water.

"There is room for one more. Fetch a lady," said the mate as we were about to cut ourselves free of the ship.

I immediately regained the ship to look for Ellen and her husband. "They were to be in boat, for the ship was settling down so fast the boat, if not cut away immediately, would be sucked down.

Ellen Percival I see now, as I last saw her, standing upon the deck of that doomed vessel, cheerful and like herself even in such an hour, some time peering forward through the darkness to anxiously watch our venture through the dashing foam and spray, some time gazing at her husband in a sweet, contented way, and that I might see her the more plainly the sun shone out for a brief moment among the angry banks of black cloud and lit her face with a sort of chastened glory. It may sound strange, but I never saw more perfect happiness than was in the faces of both those two at that moment. It was but a moment, for the wave of the ship rose right out of the sea, and the sudden rush of air from below flung all the passengers forward together. It was all over now—the once mighty craft sank suddenly and completely and around us was the raging sea.

It matters little to the reader how I escaped, and the rest of us. We were picked up by a passing ship after we had encountered some privations, and it was long before I could reconcile myself to life after that last adieu to Little Wasp.

Practical Christianity.

"I must leave you now," the girl said lightly, as she rose from her chair. "I have got to go to the Missionary Society rooms and do some sewing for the heathen."

"There's a heathen around in a Twenty-third street boarding house," casually observed the young man, looking vacantly over her head, "third story hall bedroom, front, who has three buttons off his cutaway, a rip in the elbow of his dress suit and a choice collection of socks that look like cullenders. Does he come in on this missionary deal?"

"He does, George," she whispered softly, as she tucked in her eyelids, "if he needs a missionary all to himself."—*Exchange.*

English as She is Wrote.

The teacher, a lesson he taught;
The preacher, a sermon he brought,
The stealer, he stole;
The healer, he hole;
And the screecher, he awfully scraught.

The long-winded speaker, he spoke;
The poor office seeker, he soke;
The runner, he ran;
The dunner, he dun;
And the shrieker, he horribly shroke.

The flyer, to Canada flew;
The buyer, on credit he bew;
The doer, he did;
The suer, he sid;
And the liar (a fisherman) lew.

The writer, this nonsense he wrote;
The fighter, for pelt (or editor) tote;
The swimmer, he swam;
The skimmer, he skam;
And the biter was hungry and bote.—*Woman.*

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Grandmother (to Kenneth, who is making her a little visit)—Kenneth, dear, do you love grandma?

Kenneth Dear—Yes, I love 'oo, and mamma love 'oo; but papa say he finks 'oo is a ole fool. —*Texas Siftings.*

The Price.

You would be a great artist? Can you make
A lyre of your own with heart-strings, and,
Striking it with a careful, critic hand,
Out of the chords a deathless music wake?

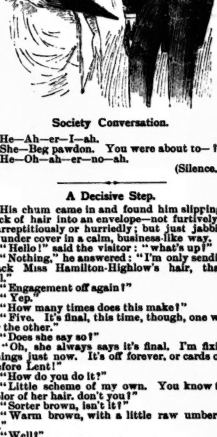
Or can you take the keen-edged blade of Pain,
And from your quivering soul, with its dire aid,
Studying meanwhile each stroke as it is made,
Chisel a statue for Art's sacred fane?

Or can you in your heart's blood bravely dip
Your brush, and paint a picture that will bring
The while it sets the dull world wondering—
The approving smile to Art's impartial lip?

Can you pour sweet from bitter? Can you, whirled
By tempest, guide a storm-tossed bark to calm?
Can you go starving for love's blessed alms,
Yet of your very famine feed a world?

You cannot? 'Tis too great a price to pay?
You are too weak? Aye, 'tis a fearful price,
If you are contemplating success in life,
You are not called to greatness, go your way.

And live like other women, and rejoice
In your own path; it may be better so.
I do not say, but this full well I know,
God gives unto his chosen ones no choice.



Society Conversation.

He—Ah—er—I—ah.
She—Beg pardon. You were about to—?
He—Oh—ah—er—no—ah. (Silence.)

A Decisive Step.

His chum came in and found him slipping a lock of hair into an envelope—and furtively, surreptitiously and hurriedly; but just jabbing it under cover in a calm, business-like way.

"Hello!" said the visitor: "what's up?"

"Nothing," he answered: "I'm only sending back Miss Hamilton-Highlow's hair, that's all."

"Engagement off again?"

"Yep."

"How many times does this make?"

"Five. It's final, this time, though, one way or the other."

"Does she say so?"

"Oh, she always says it's final. I'm fixing things just now. It's off forever, or cards out before Lent!"

"How do you do it?"

"Little scheme of my own. You know the color of her hair, don't you?"

"Sorter brown, isn't it?"

"Warm brown, with a little raw umber in it."

"Well?"

"Well, this sample of hair I'm doing up is red—dyed, regular standard red. I tell her we're going to get down to hard pan emotion this trip. She'll know whether she loves me or not; and if she does, she'll walk me in by the ear and go gunning for white horses." *Puck.*

Like the Theater.

Jones (who finds his friend Smith gazing into the window of a millinery store).—Hullo, old man! Admiring the styles?

Smith—Not exactly. Hear the hand organ at the corner?

Jones—Yes.

Smith—Well, look in at the window now.

Jones—I'm looking.

Smith—See all the hats?

Jones—Certainly.

Smith—Ain't it like being in the theater?—*Boston Courier.*

In Despair.

A fashionable New York young lady received a letter from her affianced, and began reading it.

"What's the matter?" asked her mother.

"Horrible! The wretch writes that he can never be more than a brother to me. I can't stand this disgrace. My only hope now is death. I shall go down to the East river and throw myself into the water. Ma, will you be kind enough to go up stairs and bring me my sealskin sacque, my new hat and gloves, and my new tornure?"—*Texas Siftings.*

Romance and Reality.

"Oh, my darling, your voice is as musical to me as a vesper bell, whose tones fall softly on the perfumed evening air. Speak again, and say those words, my beloved, for I could listen to your voice until the stars are extinguished in everlasting night."

Six months after marriage: "I have had just about enough of your clapper, old woman, and if you don't shut up I'll leave the house."

A Great Descent.

Mr. McCorkle (an attenuated dude standing before portrait of a broad-chested warrior-like ancestor)—I tell you, Miss Nivens, I'm no snob, but I'm proud of my descent.

Miss Nivens—You should be, Mr. McCorkle; it has been a great one!

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Gas Bills Again.

Complaints of excessive gas bills during the last quarter continue to pour into this office. Before dropping the subject, it might be as well to examine the arguments advanced by the Consumers' Gas Company in a letter or advertisement which appeared in an evening paper last week. The appearance of the article referred to is intended to simply cloud the issue and gives no information or comfort to the oppressed consumer.

In comparing the price of gas with that provided in American cities they are careful to avoid such statements of the quality as were called for in the last article in SATURDAY NIGHT. They forget to state that in nearly all the principal American cities, and notably in Montreal in Canada, coal gas is used and not oil or water gas. Coal gas at $2 a thousand is cheaper to the consumer than water or oil gas at $1.25, for the simple reason that its illuminating power in proportion to combustion is so much greater. Moreover, the risk of destroying hangings, decorations and life itself, is immeasurably less if coal gas is burned.

An estimate has been made of the cost of the gas provided by our company which shows it to be a fact that it does not reach 45 cents per thousand. They should be able to furnish a better quality at $1.17—their alleged present average price.

The talk about government inspection is an absurdity and means about as much as the inspection of the Central bank did. Does the government inspector ever take the candle power between 6 and 10 o'clock p.m., when the majority of consumers are using light, or is it not always taken during the day when the only demand on the gas works is for gas stoves and engines? Should not the government be requested to take the candle power every hour from 6 to 10 p.m., including Saturday evening when so much gas is being used? The law was passed to compel gas companies to give at least sixteen candle power. Why is it not being enforced and the consumer protected?

The meters of course are not at fault in the vast majority of cases. What we complain of is that wind instead of gas is being forced through them. If the gas were of sixteen candle power and the pressure simply sufficed to provide what gas could be consumed at the burner the meters would tell a different story, though it must not be forgotten that there are fast meters as well as slow meters and "meters by moonlight alone."

Every Saturday evening when the pressure is low is the best illustration of how the consumers are being imposed upon by the gas corporation. Every jet in a store or house must be lighted to get sufficient illumination while at another time the poor old meter has to hump itself registering the wind that bloweth where the gas company listeth and is collected for at the end of the quarter.

Finally the company admit an inadequate supply, which is tantamount to confessing that they have to adulterate the stuff to make it go round, and they do not deny that they are forced to an illegitimate pressure, owing to the amount consumed by the outlying sections of the city. To reach these points they have to put on steam and shove the gas for all they are worth. They deplore the fact that more of it than formerly may escape if the plumbing of the houses is imperfect, but they do not explain what justice there is in collecting the excessive bills, when the imperfections of their gas, the vastness of their business, and their anxiety for gain, are the causes of poor service. That is an explanation no man can make to the satisfaction of the consumer. Let the exploitations of the fire and gas committee be continued. They are urgently needed. Meanwhile the gas company's promises of better service, a new purifying house and gas-holder, and a reduction of price, are an indication that criticism is not entirely useless.

Expert Bookkeeping.

In an able letter to the *Globe* Mr. Thomas Thompson, one of the best known and most successful merchants of the city, gives bad and insufficient bookkeeping as the reason of the vast number of failures of mercantile houses.

If a business man advertises for a bookkeeper he will get a great many more applications than if his wife advertises for a servant, and it is nothing unusual to see forty or fifty applications for a vacancy. This is so generally accepted a truth that the adoption of bookkeeping as a means of livelihood has received a severe set back. It should be no discouragement. Of the thousands who think they can keep books, there are but a few hundreds who really can. A good bookkeeper who writes an even, legible hand, and has a thorough apprehension of the science, can always get a situation, and he need never fear that he will have no opportunity to show his skill.

The great trouble has been and is that young men who have studied bookkeeping and graduated at some business college in six months think they know it all. As a matter of fact they have only learned the A B C's of the business, and are no more bookkeepers than the child who can add, subtract and multiply is a mathematician. The adaptation of the principles they have acquired to actual business will take time and opportunity, and most aspiring young bookkeepers are anxious to gain experience at the expense of their employers. In other trades men have to be apprentices for four or five years, while in the professions four or five years of study and expensive tuition are required before the student is permitted to practice.

If young men intending to be bookkeepers take a sensible view of the matter and lay themselves out to competently master their art, they will have no difficulty in obtaining a situation which will give them the requisite practice, and this, coupled with study and the examination of books and papers of various kinds accessible to students, would soon make them expert, and who can name a really expert bookkeeper of sober habits and honest reputation who is without employment. Young men, do not forget that the knowledge of the difference between a cash book and a ledger does not entitle you to the name of bookkeeper or make you a worthy custodian of the business of a large firm.

Parkdale Annexation.

There is considerable agitation in municipal circles in reference to the annexation of Parkdale to the City of Toronto. This should have taken place long ago. There is no doubt the interests of Parkdale would be promoted by being in the city. Necessary improvements would be made, proper fire and police protection would be secured to the flowery suburb. And the very change from being an outlying municipality to a part of Toronto would give the locality a vitality it has not yet experienced. People coming to the city are deterred from building or settling in Parkdale because it is a separate municipality. They take it for granted that it has not the advantages and conveniences of parts of the city that are not nearly so well situated. They have lived in small towns before, and flatter themselves they know how towns are usually run. No reason can be advanced why Parkdale should not be annexed. The townspeople have already declared in favor of it, and the only opposition, if opposition there be, can only arise from employes or contractors of the corporation of Parkdale who are afraid that the change might personally affect them, or from some aspiring councilman or ratepayer who would like to grace the mayor's chair, yet recognizes that should annexation take place his chance for civic preferment would be gone.

A Missionary Sermon and Western Experiences.

Last Sunday night I went to hear Rev. Dr. Parsons at Knox church and was sorely disappointed when I saw a stranger in the pulpit. Dr. Parsons read the lessons in a clear and inspiriting voice and seemed so graceful and thoroughly at home in the pulpit that I felt doubly sorry I was not to hear him preach. He is a large, good-looking man, and speaks like a cultured American, with the inflections and ease of expression which constitute one of the chief oratorical beauties of the conversational style so popular among our Republican neighbors. The gentleman in the pulpit with him was his very opposite. He seemed as uneasy as a horse led out on the track and anxious to begin the race. He ran his large hand over his iron gray moustaches and beard as if he were hardly at home in a city pulpit, and I feared he was a rural brother who, for a compliment's sake, had been invited to speak. His rugged face had strength and tenacity in it, and I reckoned he would never let us go inside of an hour. After prayer, Dr. Parsons introduced him as the Rev. James Robertson, in charge of the missionary work of the Presbyterian church in the North-West. After that I expected something good and was not disappointed.

When the visiting brother rose, he announced Christ's commission to His disciples as his subject and read Mark xvi—15, 16 and 17. Without expounding his text, he plunged at once into a history of the work in which he is especially engaged and the approaching crisis in the affairs of the Board of Home Missions. Some years ago a citizen of Toronto had left thirty thousand dollars to the Board, and they had resolved to expend the interest only and three thousand of the principal annually in connection with the subscriptions from the churches, but so urgent had been the calls for missionaries that they had been unable to confine themselves to that amount, and the whole sum only lasted six years instead of ten. The expenditure is some forty-six thousand dollars per annum, while the amount received from all sources was only some twenty-six thousand dollars, thus an annual deficit was apparent of twenty thousand dollars. He had confidence that the churches would make this up and not let the work go back. In pointing out the reasons for continuing the work in the Home Missionary field, so well begun, he began to show his power.

His voice is tremendous and would fill the largest auditorium in America. His accent is strongly impregnated with the brogue of the Scotch end of Ireland, and he is as a typical preacher of the thoroughly denominational and aggressive type. The way he lifted some of his accents and bit off some of his words, and fluted centre vowels, would have stunned a professional elocutionist, but to the audience it was only an incident of his preaching. Every man, woman and child in the audience was in sympathy with him. In the fewest words possible he stated his case. He told of the mission at Schreiber on the C. P. R., and the good it had done and will do, and then demanded, "Shall we abandon Schreiber?" If the deficit is not made good, it and every other mission in the North-West must be abandoned. From White river in the east to the centre of the Rockies missionaries had been at work organizing churches and providing the means of grace for the people. Would they all have to be recalled?

But he did not deal in generalities! He outlined the work done and described in homely but heart touching phrases the result of an abandonment of the missions. One woman had written to him that she had been so happy while the missionary had been in her settlement for eleven weeks in the summer doing so much good. But after he had gone, the young men had back-slidden and the good influence of the church being removed had gone around on the Sabbath inviting people to their threshing-bees or had shouldered their guns and gone shooting on the Lord's Day. She begged him to send a missionary to stay with them all year round, for it was religiously the silence of death in the settlement except for those eleven weeks. Would he have to write to her and tell her that henceforth it must be the silence of death for the whole year? For if the deficit were not made up the students could not be sent out even for the holidays.

He described the progress of the country and how the men working in mines, mills and on the railways had no religious influences and spent their Sundays in drunkenness, vice and desperate disregard of even decency.

Without restraining influences or church opportunities what hope was there to better their condition? He approved of Foreign Missions, but why try to Christianize China when Canada, this New Britain with its limitless possibilities, was turning its western wilds into godless resorts and places of drunken debauchery? Bad as it is now how much worse will it be if "we have to abandon the North-West?"

Always turning his descriptions into the question "Shall we abandon this?" he was strangely effective and proved the power of an earnest soul and direct and unadorned appeal. When he told of the rum shanties and profligacy in the Rockies, where preaching now is seldom heard, how could it be otherwise than stirring, when he asked if the hold we have gained on these homeless and reckless men shall be abandoned? On Columbia river he told of scattered settlements, stretching some one hundred and fifty miles, where they had asked the Anglicans for a missionary and had been told they had no means of giving them one; then they asked one from the Methodists and received the same answer. Lastly they had petitioned him to send them some one and he had written to the convener of the committee. So thoroughly was he impressed with the necessities of these poor people that he described the kind of a man they should have sent them. He told the committee that the country was wild, the distances great and the communication difficult; that the man needed should be every inch a man; one who could eat anything and sleep anywhere; he must be able to ride a horse, row a boat, paddle a canoe or go far afoot; he should be a man for whom Divine grace has done much and not one of the boys who had always been kind of good; "the good boy at school" would be no use, they wanted a man who when a boy at school had had many fights and always came out best; a man full of vigor and force of character who would be respected and listened to. But the committee told him that they could neither send that kind of a man nor any other for they were face to face with a twenty thousand dollar deficit. Should the people of Columbia river go without the means of grace for the lack of the five hundred dollars necessary to send a man out to preach to them? Should indeed all the wilds return to godlessness for want of the funds necessary?

It is a pertinent question. While he spoke the great rugged man shone out, and I had every confidence in mission work under such management and knowledge as his. I have seen such places as he spoke of and when he told how the United States churches had neglected their great West while sending missionaries to heathen lands across the seas, I for one could appreciate the strength of his plea. West of the Mississippi is the home of scepticism, and as he alleged, the hotbed of anarchy and godless conventionalities and is without a Sabbath. In Arizona one man in over six hundred is a professed Christian and all because the country in its infancy was neglected by the Home Missions of the United States! Our North-West is now young and needs spiritual and moral direction! "Shall it be sent them?" enquires Bro. Robertson. Who can doubt the answer? Presbyterianism is too generous to deny its missionaries support and too conscientious to refuse what duty demands.

A couple of weeks ago I remarked that the missionary is the only man who can preach a successful missionary sermon. Canon Dumoulin excited the suggestion in his sermon on "The world is ours and yet we be still and take it not out of the hand of the enemy." Rev. James Robertson lacks the culture and eloquence of Canon Dumoulin but he makes every hearer enquire of his heart, "How much owest thou thy God?" As I heard him describe the far western scenes in which he had done his part for the Master's sake, I remembered the days when I followed the trail and worked in the round-up and on the range. As in a panorama of mountain and plain the scenes of long ago passed before me: the miles of tollsome march, the days of solitude, the nights of watching, the end of the drive, the "dead-line" town where we got paid off; the wild debauch of the men, the dance-house and the bars, the gambling-house, and the fights that ended every trip. Three days at most sufficed every man to spend the money it took him three months to earn, and a new pair of over-alls, a couple of shirts, three hundred rounds of cartridges, a pair of boots, a new hat, and a head too big and sore to go into anything but a balloon were all that remained of a visit to "civilization." Never did I strike a place with a church or a missionary, and though I do not confess to sharing the excesses of my comrades, still there was nothing to hold me fast to godly teaching and the holy things which are so soon forgotten if there be no reminder of sermon, prayer or kindly admonition.

I remember once when we had been on the drive for a couple of months, with bad luck always with us and a stampede at least once a week, one of the wildest boys—a graduate of Harvard—suggested that we had better observe a Sunday, and try and stand-in with Providence a little more. The suggestion was received with delight and proved to me what continuously good advice might have done for the whole party. There were seven of us, not counting an Indian and a Greaser, and we began to debate the location of the next Sunday. There was no almanac in the party, and by common consent we decided that we didn't know when Sunday would visit us again. Everybody reckoned back as far as he could go, and the result was that there were five different versions of the day of the week. By ballot we fixed on a day to observe and how gloriously the sun shone! The cattle rested as if they, too, had lost their wildness and felt the influence of the Sabbath. We all decided that Providence had guided our choice and we had chosen a real Sunday. This deepened the devotional spirit of the boys, and regular services were decided upon. A low down scamp named Meek sang, Safe in the Arms of Jesus, with genuine camp-meeting fervor, and then told his experience. He had been a class-leader in Indiana and had never gone wrong till he joined the exodus to California in '49. Every man had something to say and all of them had known a Christian home and a pious mother. I was the only one with a bible—mother gave it to me, and I hadn't opened it very often, but this being a special occasion, I took it out and passed it round. Father had dotted down the notes of one of his sermons on a fly-leaf, and the boys chose to consider it one of mine, so I had to preach. I did! While at college I had adapted that sermon, and after studying it up, had given it in as my exercise in homiletics and was consequently fairly well posted.

The calm of that Sabbath lasted for ten days, and then we reached the dead-line—i. e., where cattle have to be shipped by rail, the law forbidding them to be driven any further. I hunted up the day of the week, and found we had held our Sunday on a Wednesday, but resolved to say nothing about it lest the good influence of the services might be spoiled. One by one the boys—some of them drunk, some only half drunk—came and told me that we'd made a bad mistake. When I reproached my Harvard friend, who was deep in his cups, with having forgotten his good resolution, he said he had no confidence in a Providence which guided the ballot for a Sunday on to a Wednesday. Poor old Sawyer! With his Harvard degree and his appetite for whiskey, where is he now?

But the rough fellows who shoot and shriek through frontier towns are not all reckless and hard-hearted. Sober them up and give them a chance, and they are as good as other people and a heap more honest. What they lack is something to connect them with old times, home and mother! If they find no church and no missionary, what is there to restrain them? Let the answer come from the sceptic, who thinks there is no God: what has he to propose? The fool has said in his heart, there is no God, but let him go where men congregate and where there is no spire, no church, no missionary, no teaching, preaching or practicing of God's Word, there is no law, no safety, few pure women or clean men. There may be a certain self-sacrifice and fidelity, but there will be that on the part of men and women so long as human love softens the heart and the strong hand moulds the softened clay. But without God, having no hope in the world, what is there to hold men from sin, lift them up above vice or give them companionship when they come from solitude? In the frontier town the saloon and dance house alone offer them respite from loneliness, and is it not strange that they are so crowded and the inmates so reckless.

Shall Bro. Robertson's missionaries be removed, or will the western church stand as ready to receive the stranger as do the haunts of sin? It is a question for Christians to decide.

DON.

The Story of the Blizzard.

The meagre reports which come from Dakota and the northwestern States and Territories descriptive of the awful blizzard which swept over that country convey but little idea of the heroism and self-sacrifice which must have marked many of the fatalities so scantily reported. At this distance and with only three or four lines in which it is related, how full of tears and heart-break is the death of the three little children on their way home from school found frozen stiff in the snow-bank where they lay huddled together for warmth. We cannot but imagine the agony of the parents as they took their babes home and straightened out their little frozen limbs and kissed the stiffened lips good-by forever. And how strong was the bravery of the man who left his four companions in a wagon while he mounted one of the team and started for help, after leaving the overcoat that he so much needed himself to shelter those who were left behind. The man frozen beside his horse, the men frozen in the wagon tell the story of how they waited for the help that never came while the torpor crept over them which told them of coming death. There were a score of other such cases—of bewildered men frozen within a few yards of their own homes, of wives who found death while seeking for their husbands, and of children who went out to search for missing ones who never returned. It is strange how much self-sacrifice and homely heroism is developed in the little telegraphic scraps that tell us of the blizzard and the dead that lie along its track.

Chat From The 'Varsity.

The closing up the path from St. George street to the University lawn has necessitated a somewhat longer walk for the literary students of Knox, who are particularly regular in their attendance of the morning metaphysical lectures, for, you know, a man must have them.

*

A deputation was appointed by the conversazione committee to wait upon Dr. Wilson and ask his consent to have dancing introduced as a feature of the conversazione. This feature has of late years been eliminated from the programme on grounds best known to those in authority. Certainly the large numbers that usually attend would form a strong drawback to its success. At the same time if properly conducted, it would, to many at least, add materially to the enjoyment of the evening. The deputation, however, was again unsuccessful.

*

A slight difficulty arose last week among the members of the fourth year in the matter of the class photo. The modern language men claimed that their course was not sufficiently represented by one professor, and proposed to have the lecturers included in the picture. This was opposed by the others on different grounds, especially because it would make the picture too large, and there being four lecturers in the modern language course, it would, by this measure, be too fully represented. At a rather lively meeting last week it was resolved to postpone the discussion for a few days.

*

The inter-collegiate debate between Knox and the 'Varsity, which was to be held on Feb. 3rd, was postponed on account of the Knox college public debate coming on that evening.

*

Mr. M. S. Mercer, B.A., presided at the meeting of the literary society last week, in the absence of the president, Mr. W. F. W. Creelman. The musical part of the programme has been better this year than formerly and adds much to the success of the meetings.

*

The usual attempt on the part of the conversazione committee to cut down the complimentaries is being made. The list has been reduced as much as possible on the ground that in former years invitations that have been sent to friends of the college have not been used by these persons themselves, but handed over to others who have no possible interest in higher education beyond attending the annual conversazione.

*

At the Modern Language club on Monday evening last, Mr. J. O. Miller read a good essay on Walt Whitman. Ever since his first year Mr. Miller's literary taste has been marked. Of late his love for sonnet poetry and study of it have elicited from him some fair specimens in that style of verse.

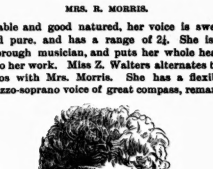
TOGA.

Singers of Sacred Song.

The three ladies whose portraits SATURDAY NIGHT presents to its readers this week, belong to the choir of the Richmond street synagogue, and one of them, at least, is widely known to the concert-going community with whom she is an established favorite. Mrs. R. Morris is the soprano soloist in the synagogue. She is

MRS. R. MORRIS.

affable and good natured, her voice is sweet and pure, and has a range of 2½. She is a thorough musician, and puts her whole heart into her work. Miss Z. Walters alternates the solos with Mrs. Morris. She has a flexible mezzo-soprano voice of great compass, remark-



MISS Z. WALTERS.

able for its richness and fulness of tone. She is a pupil of Prof. Bohner, whose careful and conscientious tuition has done great things, not alone for Miss Walters but for numerous other ladies, whose carefully trained voices have charmed many habitues of churches and concert halls. Miss Walters' services are in great demand at public entertainments, and she is emphatically one of Toronto's rising vocalists. Miss Harriet Kassel is the principal

MISS HARRIET KASSEL.

alto singer in the synagogue. She is a young lady of rare beauty both of face and form, and of charming manners. She sings with sweetness and expression. Miss Kassel has many friends both in the synagogue and out of it. She has belonged to the choir for some time, and has been a decidedly valuable acquisition to it.

Here and There.

Right in the middle of the cold wave which came upon us last Saturday, appeared suddenly and mysteriously, John Robson Cameron, editor of the Hamilton *Spectator*, and Archie Bold Bremner, the poet, and, since the demise of the late Mr. D. Mills, (Hon.), the editor of the London *Advertiser*. Mr. Cameron is a big man with a blonde moustache and a sad, sweet, meet-me-on-the-corner-dear smile. He is one of the three paragraphers we have on Canadian papers to-day. Bremner is another, and Mr. James Fahey, the wild Irishman of the *World*, the third. Cameron writes with a pearl-handled gold pen on the very finest cream-laid note paper. He is one of the few Canadian editors who do not use tobacco, but he is an inveterate smoker of cigarettes, and sometimes uses as many as three or four in one day. His room in the *Spectator* office, when I saw it some years ago, was a dream of editorial luxury. The walls from floor to ceiling were covered with old tapestries, and upon them hung rare etchings, delf plaques, brass sconces and choice pictures. In the centre of the room stood a Japanese bronze vase, several feet high, richly ornamented with tangled gods and sacred snakes. The floor was covered with Smyrna rugs, a soft-coal fire spluttered feebly in the art grate and several birds sang sweetly from gilded cages. In the midst of these luxurious surroundings Mr. Cameron pens those sarcastic, humorous and quaintly satirical remarks which have made the *Spectator* known all over Canada. He superintends the papers generally and under him it has been by long odds the best edited paper in the Dominion. Mr. Cameron will, perhaps, be best known to fame as the author of The Charleston Blues and the touching and pathetic lines:

When you are present, then my heart is gay,
Alas! tis dull indeed when you're away.

* * *

So far as appearance goes, Mr. Bremner is the direct antithesis of Mr. Cameron, yet in their rich, unctuous humor, in their likes and dislikes, their tastes and fancies, the two men resemble one another marvelously. Mr. Bremner graduated into the newspaper business from the negro minstrel stage, and it is to his footlight training that he owes his incomparable ability as a raconteur of light and airy fictions. He went to Hamilton last week to give a sleight-of-hand performance at the lunatic asylum for the edification of the lunatics. The proceedings were witnessed by Mr. Cameron and others. After the performance the trip to Toronto was arranged. Though Mr. Bremner does not mould public opinion midst the same soft lights and luxurious surroundings as mark his friend of the *Spectator*, he is quite successful as a moulder, and, besides, has given the world many gems of poetry that will roll forever down the reverberating hills. But more than any of his later efforts does he prize the simple spurt of his early years, when he, a love-struck, country youth, tuned his lyre to the praise of some simpering village maiden and sang:

The rose is red,
The violet blue,
Honey is sweet,
And so are you;
And so is he
Who sends you this,
When next we meet
We'll have a kiss.

* * *

Both Mr. Cameron and his partner in crime attended the house-warming of the Toronto press club. The Toronto press club jubilates once a year. Generally it jubilates with a big dinner and a big wine list. This year it jubilated with sandwiches and coffee. The change was an advantageous one, and the members arose the following morning feeling otherwise than as if they had spent the night in a lake of fire and brimstone, a phrase, I believe, which was originated by the affable and able president of the club. For some years the Toronto pressletes were quartered in the Grand Opera House building in the apartments now used as the editorial rooms of SATURDAY NIGHT. Then they got ambitious and finally moved themselves into their present handsome and commodious—I believe that is the proper expression—house on Bay street. The place has been fitted up with a lavish disregard for monetary considerations. Every room in the house is luxuriously appointed. It is a credit to the club's progressiveness and enterprise. I know of no American press club, outside of the very big cities, which has such princely headquarters. Mr. John Ross Robertson, the president, is responsible for a good deal of this. He has been the best friend the club ever had, and has devoted both his time and his money with marked liberality, to make it a success.

* * *

Numerous nominations for membership are posted up on the press club's notice board. On several of them the nominated individuals have put their occupation down "Journalist." This is on a par with the young woman who sells tape and stay laces in a dry-goods store and labels herself saleslady. What surprises me is that men can work on newspapers all their lives without having more sense.

* * *

Mr. W. Nye, the alleged humorist, who is at times jocularly referred to as William the bald, Gouphou Baldhead and other names of a similar incandescent nature, is to lecture here shortly for the same price of admission as is charged to see museum freaks. Mr. Nye has been in the city for some days past incog, and one of his last summer suits. He has been prospecting a short and easy way out of the city and fixing localities in his mind, as he is not in the habit of carrying a compass when he has occasion to move rapidly as he listeth. I met him on a side street and he asked me as a favor to one who had seen better days and had written poetry, to state that he had no connection whatever with the late lamented firm of Annie, Nye, Assiphira & Co. "I am in the lecturing business," he said, while with one horny hand he smoothed out the lines that that ruthless old plowman Time had furrowed in the wild and desolate territory of brow which Mr. Nye sports, "and I am proud to say, that in all my mad career, I have never left undone that which I ought not to have done, or done those things which I ought to have done. I have never made love to the widow or toyed with the simple affections of the interesting-female orphing. I have never uttered a word calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of virgin modesty or make any hardened old sinner wear whiskers. I have always looked up to Truth as a noble ideal which 'twere well for us all to hanker for, and I have spent all my life hankering for it with a wild and soulful hank which time cannot wither nor age destroy."

* * *

"You are a humorist, I believe, Father William?" I said, interrogatively.

"My son," he said, "you speak the plain, ungilded truth. You have discernment beyond your years. I am a humorist. Tell it not in Gath, else shall I be brought to the star of *Empire*. I am a wrestler with quips and cranks. I began my newspaper life on the Berlin *News* some years ago. While there I ran a column headed Wit and Humor, and again Mirth and Merriment. Once I introduced a new heading. The town seethed with excitement. People ran from all directions. The office was literally surrounded with a howling human throng. The circulation went up 18½ copies in four hours. It was the greatest success—"

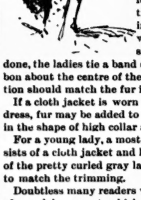
"What was the heading?" I asked.

"Phunny Phreaks and Phancies," said the Humorist. "Great, wasn't it?"

"Great."

"I am glad you like it," said Mr. Nye, resignedly. "I think it's pretty neat myself. Come and hear me lecture on the second of February, in the Y. M. C. A. hall."

Fashion Gossip.



The muffs brought out this winter are certainly very much smaller than those introduced last year. Cords and tassels are no longer used as trimming, and even the fancy satin edge of lining no longer shows, as in the past, for the fur forming the muff is now faced in far enough to prevent the lining from showing. This being done, the ladies tie a band of satin or moire ribbon about the centre of the muff. This decoration should match the fur in color.

If a cloth jacket is worn with a stylish wool dress, fur may be added to the jacket as finish, in the shape of high collar and cuffs.

For a young lady, a most becoming outfit consists of a cloth jacket and hat, with trimmings of the pretty curled gray lamb's wool, and muff to match the trimming.

Doubtless many readers will be glad to know of a model garment which can be utilized for both morning and evening home wear. And such a one can be made of cashmere, Henrietta or striped or figured flannel.

Take nine yards of single width, or four and a half yards of double width material to form the gown, which has two breadths in the front and two in the back—that is, if the single width fabric is used. Cut the two lengths for the front, measuring from the height of the shoulder to the bottom of the hem. Allow four inches for the hem. Measure the back lengths from the shoulder in the same way, allowing for a demi-train, if desired. In this case, three breadths will be necessary. If the goods are flimsy, line with soft cambric. Baste the lining in before laying the tucks in the yoke. Turn an inch hem on each side of the front, and behind these hems put four one-inch tucks. They may be left open along the edge or stitched flat to a depth just about the turn of the bust. If they are stitched low they look awkward.

If two breadths are in the back one must be divided and stitched on each side of the other, which leaves a broad centre without seams. Make a double box plait in the middle, folded very deep and secured firmly underneath from the back of the neck to just below the waist. After this is done cut out neck, shoulders, armhole and under-arm seams by pattern of a good-fitting corsage. Two short openings are made in the back beneath the Watteau for the belt of stuff or ribbon to be passed through. The belt is secured by a few stitches on each side.

Such a gown, if made of striped flannel for morning wear, needs no trimming except the buttons used in closing it down the front. When intended for informal tea-gown, cashmere or Henrietta are both pretty fabrics to make it of, and then the robe can be trimmed with lace or ruchings of silk.

A very neat and stylish street costume is formed of dark-green velutina, combined with checkered red and green velouetta. The round skirt is made full at the back. The tunic of green velutina forms a full tablier, is draped in folds and then rounded off on the right corner and carried round the left side to the back, there forming a full drapery, covering the entire back of the underskirt. The pointed bodice of green velutina is made with a V plastron of the checked fabric, edged on each side with revers, and trimmed with the V of the red and green velouetta on the shoulder.

The hat is made of the dark-green goods, and is fancifully trimmed with folds, loops, knots and bows of checked velvet ribbon, in the red and green of the dress material.

Pattern robes in plain and decorative materials are just now selling at less than half-value, very handsome specimens in all wool being marked down to $5, which, last week were sold at $12.

A neat model for these combination suits shows a round skirt made with a plaited panel down the left side and full at the back. The tunic open on the left side forms a square apron, and then is carried round the right side to the back, where it is arranged in a graceful plaited drapery. The bodice shows a full plastron, and the sleeves are finished with bands of the fancy fabric.

Lizzie Evans is a bright and clever little woman who will some day be a big success. She belongs to the school of Minnie Maddern—I particularize Minnie Maddern because she is the best example of the school we have to-day—and seeks to please by the artlessness of her art. She is bright, pretty, piquant, not a genius, never will be, but an honest, hard-working, industrious little body who will only limit her possibilities by her capabilities. Her company is not particularly good, with one or two notable exceptions. The principal notable exception is Mr. W. C. Donaldson. Mr. W. C. Donaldson is a Toronto boy, and with his familiars rejoices in the more or less complimentary name of Crossley. He is a thoroughly good fellow and a clever actor, with abilities and staying powers which will ultimately bring him success. He has the particular advantage of knowing how to wear a dress suit on the stage. The country is filled with actors who can don the clown's garb or strut about in the by-me-beard costume of erstwhile, but there are few of them who can act the gentleman.

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Miss Bella Moore is bright and fascinating, with some measure of ability which she doesn't at all know how to utilize, and with a good many aspirations which her ability don't warrant. She is a very fair singer of variety hall songs, but she has no more idea of pathetic acting than a soft-shell clam has of heaven. In some light, farcical arrangement where she could float about in a bob-up-serenely dress of white muslin with lace edgings, sings wildly at the slightest provocation, or do whatever else seemed to her meet and proper, I fancy she would be far more successful than in A Mountain Pink or Life Among the Moonshiners, a comedy drama in five acts. Why, bless my soul a man tires of the show before he reads its name. Miss Moore is not supported by a particularly strong company.

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The comedy drama itself? Man alive, its the same old thing. They're all alike. She has tangled hair, dewey eyes, no education and holes in her stockings—when she has any. Generally it is nothing but holes. Nice young man-love-kisses.

"Dost love me?"
"I dost."
"Sweart."
"I swar."
"See you later."

He wanders. She discovers that somebody is going to do something, flies and tells him, somebody says something, she won't marry him, ha ha! life is worthless, strawberry mark, long lost heiress, me cheild, marry me! I should snicker, curtain. And there you are.

Next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the Grand's stage will be occupied by the original Sparks company, in Hoyt's Bunch of Keys. The New York *World* remarks: "The unfailing success of this piece is marvellous. There seems to be no let-up whatever in its drawing powers. The company now playing it does very well. Marietta Nash as Teddy Keys is wonderfully bright and agile. Her dancing throws the house into raptures, and she is recalled every night. She is a very promising young lady. Jas. B. Mackie as Jonas Grimes is unexcelled in his way and is a very strong feature of the piece."

*

One of Miss Lizzie Evans' methods for advertising her performances here was by means of a hanger, which bore this verse:

"Multum in parvo!" so winning, so wee,
Maid of golden hair;
Sunshine comes with thee
And swallows in the air.

This is refreshing. The young man that perpetrated that must have had it pretty bad. When it comes down to making sunshine swallow in the air, poetic license is getting too wild and terrible to toy with. And the verse itself is the sort of thing no well-regulated book of poems should be without.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Annie Pixley will not go to Australia after her present tour, as was originally intended, but will play an engagement on the Pacific coast—her first appearance there since she became a star.

A New York reporter has been telling what he knows about the feet of some of our most prominent actresses. He says that Mary Anderson, Mrs. Langtry and Ellen Terry have large feet, while Pauline Hall's feet are simply whoppers; that Annie Pixley, Maud Harrison and Mrs. Abbey have not only well shaped feet, but decidedly small ones.

Now that Jacques Kruger has become a count, yarns about his past crop up thick and fast. "I wrote a play once upon a time," said he, "and presented it to a Chicago manager. When I came to the theater I found a buxom woman on the floor of the lobby scrubbing and mopping. 'Is the manager in?' I asked. 'No,' answered she, 'but can I do anything for yez?' I was amused. 'If ye be one of those playwritin' fellers,' continued the woman, 'just leave yer play with me. He reads them to me. The manager says I have first-rate taste.' They say Moliere read his plays to his cook for approbation, but did you ever hear of a manager reading his plays to his scrubbing woman?"

In Germany theatre goers seem to be safe from the dangers arising from fire, but, on the other hand, are exposed to the risk of being drowned. At Bonn recently an audience was drenched in the middle of an opera, owing to a mistake of the man who controls a huge water tank to be used in case of fire. The same thing happened at Munster to an unlucky company of concert singers. On this occasion the flood was so sudden and so deep that Frau Joachim, the celebrated German contralto, and the other singers, were obliged to stand upon chairs and tables until rescued. With their inborn caution and conscientiousness the Germans have evidently learned a lesson from the recent disastrous fires. Since the Opera Comique catastrophe at least a dozen such unexpected floods have taken place in Germany.

Imre Kiralfy recently read a letter from Miss Mary Show, Modjeska's leading lady, in which she denounced stage tights. Miss Show wrote that the best of physicians state that women who wear tights constantly for four months become victims of an incipient disease. The use of tights for a year or more makes them invalids, and, though they go on with their parts, they are subjected at periods to the most intense suffering. "With all respect to the lady, whom I have not had the honor to meet, it is simply ridiculous," said Mr. Kiralfy. "A good answer to your estimable correspondent would be that one of my greatest troubles is losing my girls through marriage. They are much sought after, marry well, and my only consolation is in their husbands' assurances that they make the best of wives and housekeepers. Ballet-girls all live to a good age. Marie Taglioni, the greatest of dancers, was seventy or eighty, I forget which. There was Fanny Elisler, who died an aged lady, and there are many more. I can tell you truthfully that during the nineteen years I have had my company in this country I have never had a case of sickness among them of any kind. I can't say that I particularly admire flesh tights. I think a prettier effect is gotten in some of the soft, delicate shades of silk. I suppose Miss Show means all kinds of tights. She is mistaken; they are not injurious, and they do not stop the circulation. When I ran the Fall of Babylon last summer at St. George's, Staten Island, I had three hundred and fifty young women in tights, in the open air, and all experienced the best of health. My premiere, Miss Qualitz, is another example of the fact that tights do not injure women. Her mother was a German actress, her father a clown in a circus. She has all the best qualities of both. After six years' training in tights she is now one of the liveliest and prettiest dancers at eighteen I ever saw. I tell you, tights are absolutely a necessity. Even women in full-dress upon the stage have to wear them."

Music.

At the Church of the Redeemer, a well-arranged and well-performed Service of Praise was rendered on Wednesday evening by the choir, assisted by Mrs. Mackelcan, Miss Howden, Mr. Walter Read and Mr. Torrington. I think Mr. Schuch might have shortened his programme somewhat, as, however good the performers may be, as they undoubtedly were in this case, the restraint of sitting in a church, awed to a certain extent by the solemn surroundings, becomes irksome in the course of an hour and three-quarters to the ordinary Philistine. The ladies sang extremely well, and I for one, shall be very glad to hear them again in music of a religious tendency. Mr. Torrington's manysiddedness was well displayed in his playing. His brilliant technique, clever registration, and expressive rending brought to my mind his reiterated cry for a music hall with a large public organ. Toronto should have such a hall, where not only large orchestra's, our local societies and large concert companies can be heard at a scale of prices placing them within the reach of all, but where the organists of the city could give public recitals.

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The literature of the organ is so large and varied, while at the same time so pure and correct in its character that it would be difficult to find a better educator outside of a full orchestra. In all the large English cities, and in many of the cities of the United States, such organs exist, and weekly recitals are the regular thing. Such a system would give a wonderful impetus to musical matters here, by producing a friendly rivalry between the organists would make them shake up the dry bones a little. In the meantime why do not the churches follow the good example given them by these services? Messrs. Doward and Schuch have shown commendable energy and enterprise by giving these monthly recitals, and are already feeling the good results in the increased efficiency of their choirs. Besides this, the interchange of organists and vocalists enables the congregations to hear others than those who are before them every Sunday, and can enjoy programmes of sacred music of such variety as cannot be used in the routine of Sunday services. I suppose it means work and trouble, but it certainly prevents fossilizing. At the Church of the Redeemer I heard Mr. G. H. Fairclough, the regular organist of the church, who strikes me as a young man of considerable promise. He is somewhat crude yet, maybe, but he has powers which will develop with time if he sticks to it, as I believe it is his intention to do.

*

I was reading a little book the other day, entitled Advice to Singers, and was struck by a remark concerning a suppositious Mr. Handel Moscheles Ignazio Jones, Professor of the Pianoforte, Harmony, the Violin, Italian and Singing! The name is suppositious, but the gentleman and his qualifications are present (in advertisements) all around us. These are the men who "study" music until they can tickle the piano a little and write out a few incorrect examples in harmony, play a scale or two on the violin, and learn to play the organ or a piano with pedal attachment in the fond belief that the organ is to be played principally with one foot trickling over the pedals and the other foot caressing the swell pedal. These are the men who when they have acquired their incompetence in these accomplishments buy a singing primer and undertake to make or break a fresh young voice according to its rules. I have heard of a prominent man in Toronto, one who is to-day a shining star in the local constellation of musical light, who makes his singing pupils sing over their exercises without any regard for the quality of voice they sing them in, and without any regard to the registers of the voice, looking merely for correct notation, and when one exercise has been sung through in this manner, he will say, "Now sing the next!"

*

Occasionally one of these gentlemen is conscientious enough to go to a proper singing teacher and take ten or a dozen lessons before adding the shibboleth "singing" to his legend of accomplishments. It reminds me of a cartoon in an American paper at the outbreak of the civil war. Gen. Pierce was portrayed reading Hardy's Tactics in the heat of the battle of Bull Run, and saying, "Let me see, what's next? Oh, yes! Retreat—Bugler, sound the Retreat!" A similar hugging of book progress, without study of the pupil, is a scintillating characteristic of the singing masters I allude to. So it is with the piano as well. Pupils go to a teacher for years and learn a never-ending procession of pieces, without in the least degree being taught what underlies the pieces. They cannot even play a hymn tune, and if they want to learn a waltz have to return to a teacher, because they cannot pick it out by themselves.

*

Is this honorable? Is it not discreditable alike to the man who makes these pretensions and to the public which is so easily gulled by them? Of course there are a few men who are talented enough to attain excellence in many branches of music, but there are few of them in Toronto, yet nearly all of our piano teachers claim to teach singing, when their sole qualification is that they can tinkle an accompaniment. You must have noticed how often a singer appears with a great flourish of trumpets as the pupil of Mr. So-and-so, and with a really pleasing fresh voice. She sings for a year or so, and the voice give out. It has lost the grace and charm of youth and freshness, and has no attributes which can replace these. She has been taught by one of these gentlemen, and has leant songs, not singing; exercises, not method. Such examples are many in the memory of us all. A singer has to study years before he attains self-dependence, and only then he knows what these gentry pick up without study or effort, but merely imbibe through the pores, as it were, because they are geniuses and wear their hair long.

*

I have heard organists (!) who applied for church positions, who could play half a dozen organ solos beautifully, just like Mr. Pedal or Mr. Dulciana, but who could not read hymns tunes or the accompaniment of an anthem with the slightest conception of what was required of them. They learn organ pieces, not organ playing. I asked one of these aspirants the other day, "Do you play any technical exercises to teach you touch?" "Oh no! but in three years, I have learned a lot of splendid solos!" The fault does not lie altogether with the teachers. Pupils are sent to them by ambitious parents, who are not satisfied unless the pupils make what they call progress, that is, play something or sing something; and if the poor teachers does not give in to this pressure he loses a pupil, and gains a reputation for inefficiency. Still I have seen few cases where the talking and preaching of plain, practical musical religion would not have a good effect. Honesty and truth, presistently directed at such parents and pupils must tell in the end.

*

Speaking of the standing and pretensions of music teachers reminds me that the Canadian Society of Musicians is endeavoring to encourage composition by Canadians. We have in Canada several people who have done good work in this line: Mr. Ambrose, Mr. Torrington, Mr. A. E. Fisher, Mr. C. A. E. Harriss and Mrs. F. J. Moore have done work delightful in its quality, and correct in its musicianship, but we have also some people who cause us to be thankful that publishers are proverbially coy. The field of melody has been pretty well exhausted, and a perfectly new musical phrase of melodic excellence is now pretty rare, and the harmonic and practical treatment of a theme or song is, generally speaking, as much as we explore for originality. Mr. Fisher's "Old Voices" and Mr. Harriss' "Reafer" are two notable recent exceptions. Originality of melody and boldness of treatment vie with each other in both cases, but alas! that I should have to say it, in most cases the great conception is merely the jingle of a reminiscence.

*

Mr. Arthur E. Fisher is hard at work on his exercise for his Mus. Doc. degree at Trinity college, which will take the shape of a Thanksgiving Cantata. I have been told by those who have heard parts of it, that it is a very fine work, for chorus and full orchestration. Mr. Fisher has also commenced a full church service in unison, with both plain and full organ accompaniments. Mr. C. A. E. Harriss of the church of St. James the Apostle, in Montreal, I hear, will visit Toronto in February. This gentleman is one of the most finished organists in Canada, and I hope he may be induced to play while in the city.

WIDOWER JONES.

A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED.)

If Mrs. Gilbert had studied to find out what would hurt the Deacon most, she could not have succeeded better. The Deacon glanced from under his knit brows at Ruth and thought he detected a blush as she bent over the table that she was spreading for supper.

"Yes, if he was as good actin' as he is good lookin', he would make a better son teh me ner he is!"

Ruth gave a quick, sharp glance at the Deacon, but restrained some exclamation she had almost been startled into making. Even Mrs. Gilbert noticed that she had been a little unfortunate in mentioning Ben's name, and tried to turn the subject.

"Yes, I—I—I'd heerd Ben and you didn't pull in harness very well, and like enough he is wild and headstrong like, though, of course, nobody minds that. There's allus some one in a family you can't git along with; there was Mr. Gilbert's aunt; her'n me hed tur'ble times when we got married."

Before Mrs. Gilbert had time to explain whether her husband's aunt and herself had got married, or whether the trouble had occurred after Mrs. Gilbert had married Mr. Gilbert, and indeed before she had opportunity to plunge into any further family details, her son Rufus opened the kitchen door and shut it with a slam.

Ruth had lit the lamp and its yellow glow fell on the florid face and dyed hair of Deacon Adeniram.

Rufus didn't seem well pleased, and he glared at the Deacon as if he were half inclined to throw him out.

"Hullo, Brother Jones, so it's you, is it?"

"Yes, y-e-s, it's me," stammered the Deacon. "I hope yer well."

"Yes, I'm well, but I don't hope you'r well; you could'nt die off any too quick to suit me." Turning to Ruth, Rufus continued:

"I wondered whose plug it was out there in the barn, and I gave it some hay and oats that it wouldn't have got if I had knowed it was old Sniv. Jones'."

The deacon endeavored to laugh. Mrs. Gilbert exclaimed, "Why Rufus, how kin yeh talk so?" Ruth simply laughed, and told the Deacon not to mind her brother, as he thought it was smart to go on that way about everybody.

Rufus Gilbert was a small and very dark man, as much unlike his name as anyone could imagine. Everything seemed to look black around him, and he never seemed blacker than when in the intervals between washing his face and hands and drying them on the towel, he paused with most ungracious deliberation to stare contemptuously at the Deacon, uttering now and then a short, scornful laugh.

Widower Jones, none too comfortable before, became very much embarrassed, and almost fell over on the table in response to Ruth's invitation to sit down to supper.

"Lead in prayer, Jonesy!" exclaimed his little tormentor. As the Deacon closed his eyes to ask a blessing, Rufus proceeded at once to "help" the plates and pass them around with much clatter, calling attention meanwhile to the sweet expression the Deacon had when his eyes were shut. The Deacon faltered, stammered, stopped, opened his eyes, and endeavored to make the best of the situation.

"What a tur'ble feller yeh air to carry on, Rufus!" he said, with a sickly attempt at a smile.

Rufus laid down his knife and fork and began to scrutinize the Deacon's hair and whiskers.

"Why dyed yer hair, Jones?"

The Deacon reddened and in his excitement dropped his knife on the floor.

"Ruth, Rufus!" exclaimed his mother.

The Deacon, his face doubly red from bending over the floor in search of his knife, straightened up and still endeavored to smile.

"Oh, never mind Mrs. Gilbert; I know boys will be boys."

"Yes," said Rufe contemptuously, "and even old men try to be boys and make fools of themselves tryin'. "What did yeh git yer hair dyed fer Deacon? Tryin' to look young?"

"Oh, I s'pose so," said the Deacon, his temper rapidly rising.

Ruth looked warningly at her brother, but he did not heed.

"Who are you shinnin' round here—Ruth er mother?"

The Deacon was speechless, and Ruth, taking pity on the old man's confusion, seized her brother by the arm and told him to drop that kind of talk, which he did, refusing to utter another syllable until he was just leaving the room, bound, probably, for the Applebury tavern.

"Good night, Brother Jones; I'm goin' up to the graveyard to see if the grass is started growin' on yer wife's grave yet."

After this introduction it is not to be supposed the Deacon spent a very pleasant evening, but both Ruth and her mother, heartily ashamed of Rufe's conduct, endeavored to make the widower forget his rude reception. Without intending it they vied with one another in treating the old man well, and when a neighbor dropped in to see Mrs. Gilbert about half-past eight the Deacon had a few minutes alone with Ruth, when he hastened to say:

"Don't think I mind Rufe and his goin's on; I'm used teh him; I know he acts that way teh everybody, so it shouldn't make me mad, though, of course, it gets me nervish like, to be twitted."

Fearing that Mrs. Gilbert would return he rushed at once into the question nearest his heart, and asked Ruth if she would mind if he came up to see her again that night week. She told him she would think over it and let him know at meeting on Sunday, and, unable to resist the spirit of fun, she rather encouraged him in the belief that he would not come in vain. As he heard Mrs. Gilbert's voice saying adieu to her neighbor at the door he determined to bid farewell. Clasping Ruth's hand he assured her he had never spent so pleasant an evening, or felt so much "to home" with anybody in his life as he did with her.

"Oh, you're joking now Deacon," she said with a laugh.

"I hain't nuther; I'm in dead earnest.

He gave her hand another squeeze, and in his excitement exclaimed inconsiderately, "Yes, and I love yeh, I kin tell yeh that!"

Without waiting for Ruth's answer he jammed his hat on his head, said "good night" to Mrs. Gilbert and hurried for his horse.

When he reached the barn he was surprised to find his horse gone, likewise the buggy and harness, and it did'nt take him long to guess that Rufus was using his vehicle.

Half an hour later, very much heated, his collar hanging like a limp rag around his neck, the Deacon found his horse tied in the tavern shed, and as he was backing it out Rufus Gilbert came out to inquire how the walking was down from the town line.

The widower could not trust to himself to speak. He clambered into the buggy trembling with rage, nor was his temper sweetened by the feeling that he had sat down on some eggs. Knowing that silence was his only safety he struck viciously at his horse and was immediately jerked out over the dashboard by the uneasy animal, which had been unhitched from the buggy by Rufus the unrighteous. The lines escaped from his hand, and as the horse ran off at a sharp canter towards the old red gate of the homestead the Deacon turned on his tormenter:

"You'll suffer fer this, Rufe Gilbert, ye sneakin' coward. Think it's smart teh play tricks on an old man, don't yeh?"

But Rufe only laughed, and the hilarious voice of a tall stranger, who stood in the shadow of the shed, struck the Deacon as familiar.

"Better hitch yerself up in the wagon, Jones; I'll give yeh a start."

The advice was good and the Deacon took it. Seizing the shafts he started off at a brisk trot, pulling the buggy after him and not turning to look behind. It struck him that it was getting heavier and just as he was passing the tavern door on a slight up grade, he glanced back to find Rufe Gilbert standing on the axle behind. The crowd from the bar-room rushed out to laugh; Rufe jumped off and giving the buggy a shove said, "Jog along home, Deacon; I guess I kin walk th' rest of th' way."

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEN'S RETURN TO APPLEBURY.

Sitting in his comfortable room, in a New York hotel, Ben Jones opened Israel's letter, and a strange feeling of homesickness, pity, and wonder came over him as he saw the blotted page and straggling mis-spelled lines over which his brother had toiled so long.

"There's something wrong at home, sure," he muttered to himself. Smoothing out the crumpled and. oft-folded sheet he looked thoughtfully and wistfully at it as pictures of home floated before him. The singing and prayer that morning when he returned; his mother's drooping form and toil-scarred hands and patient face; Lou and Bess and Hope Campton too; the funeral; the summer evenings as he lay on the grass and talked to his sisters; the lilac bushes and pear trees, and the village with its half-dozen ill-built streets, came back to him. But more than all, excepting his mother, he remembered the Deacon's harsh face, scowling eyes and suspicious glance.

"The Deacon has pronounced his shindies I'll be bound," he said to himself, as he began to read:

"Deer brother ther's trubbil home here,—

"Yes, trouble at home! When hasn't there been trouble home? and there will be as long as the Deacon lasts."

—"father seems goin' knaze—

"Well, Twelve Tribes has got his eyes opened at last, though he charitably suggested that it is insanity and not devilishness that bothers the old man."

—"hes ast hope to marry him,—

"Ah! the old sinner hasn't waited as long even as I thought he would. What's this—'e-n is p-e-r-s-o-l-n-g and has'—. No.

"said is personing her shameful"—

"The old scoundrel," cried Ben fiercely. "A new depth of cussedness can be found every day in that old hypocrite by anyone who takes pains to explore him."

"—the gurls doan no is I herd him ast her she said no and he sed she was offil things—!

"She said no, did she" exclaimed Ben joyfully. "I'm glad of that, and I'll bet she said it so there would be no mistake either."

"And the old man said she was awful things, did he?" mused Ben as he stood up to light a cigar at the gas jet. "That's just like him. If he can't snivel over people he begins to abuse them."

—Shes weapin and krying offil her hart is brook wot wil do—

"The old reprobate! Confound that fellow Israel! Why does he write to me to know what to do? If he had the spunk of a mouse he would take a club and lay the old man out—that's what he ought to do. But I suppose he wants me to come home and do it for him."

—"I dare not speek fer she doan no I herd—"

"Oho, Mr. Israel, you have been playing eaves-dropper have you? This is serious."

—" things is offil with love—"

"What does the simpleton mean by that: 'things is awful with love'—Oh!—'things is awful. With love.'"

—" the gurls doan no I am riting ISRAEL JONES."

"What the dickens is this postscript?"

—" father has died"—

"Heavens!—Oh!" the latter almost regretfully.

—" his hare"—

"Father has dyed his hair.' Well, don't that beat all," exclaimed Ben as he laid the letter on the table before him and leaned back in his chair. "I fancy I can see the old man with his hair dyed. I'll have to go and see him and copy his 'make-up.'"

"Yes," thought he, his face growing grave; "I'll go home and see what is the matter. Poor Bess, how scandalized she'll feel! Lou, I suppose, will laugh and think it is a good joke, but it is something serious, or Israel would never have written that letter. Poor old fellow! must have taken him two days to produce an epistle like that."

"Hope Campton—she won't think so much of the Deacon now, and be ready to pick a fight with everyone who refuses to fall down and worship him. A beautiful girl—I wondered how she could endure it to have that old snooper mushing around her, but what a straight, loyal, lovely girl she was, and the Deacon 'is personing her offil,' and she 'krying and her hart is brook.' What line can the Deacon be working? One would think, from the secrecy and fright of Israel's tone, that our dear father has got some string to Miss Hope. What can it be? She's rich enough not to need a home, and has sense enough to look after herself."

His cigar had gone out. He rose and held it to the gas-jet, but without lighting it, he threw it away.

"Yes, I'll go and see what it means. My partner can look after my business here, and I am sick of it.

As he caught sight of his face reflected in a mirror he smiled.

"I don't believe they would know me with my beard off. Well, it will be a while before I shave again to tread the mimic stage—I'm sick of it. I long for the sweets of Applebury; the days when I can sleep and live without quaffing wine and haunting theaters. I longed for the time when I would not have to work, and now it has come. Why shouldn't I rest and visit my papa? Papa, dear, I'm coming. Your little Bennie is coming back to you, and proposes to make things red-hot."

Forty-eight hours later a couple of big trunks were ejected from the baggage-car at Applebury, and a clean-shaven gentleman of elegant appearance, and looking to be about fifty or sixty years old, alighted from the train. His carefully-brushed gray hair was in striking contrast to his black eyebrows and the suspicion of black beard that glistened through his clean-shaven cheeks. Ben, following the spirit of fun, and determined to conceal his identity for a few days, and the wig and a few artistic touches were a sufficient disguise. He had made the acquaintance on the train of a railroad engineer, whose headquarters were at Applebury, and as he accompanied him to his hotel the idea spread abroad through the village that the elderly gentleman was probably president of the road. The fact that both Ben and the engineer denied the soft impeachment, added to the feeling that the railway company had decided to build a city at Applebury and the president had arrived to buy the land. This at once gave Ben a high place in popular regard.

On the following evening dusk was deepening into night as Ben, who had been leaning over the gate gazing at his farm, strolled toward the village tavern. A little distance to his left lay the old homestead where so many years of thankless toil had embittered his youth. Thoughts of his mother had been with him all evening, as he looked at the comfort he could have given her had she lived, and now remorse for his own neglect and hatred of his father swelled up in his heart at the sight of the fading outline of the old house on the knoll. Occupied with his thoughts and puffing slowly at a cigar which was almost burned out, he stood in the shadow of a clump of trees watching the moon rise behind the woods and tint with yellow light the quiet picture of rural life. The sound of voices startled him, the one in tremulous, beseeching tones he recognized as that of Hope Campton; the other, in insolent confidence, was strange to him:

"Oh, please leave me; I do not wish any company!"

"Never mind bein' so over anxious to git rid o' me. I hain't none too good, but I guess I'm bout good's you air, from all I hear!"

"What do you mean, sir!" demanded Hope, stopping and confronting her persecutor.

"You know well enough, I reckon. I mean, an' yeh can't put on no airs with me. I like yeh, an' don't keer a cuss what yer done, an' ye'd like me if yeh only gev me a chance teh git acquainted; but yeh waste yer time tryin' teh put on airs! I know yeh! I'm no fool, I aint!"

"Let me pass! If you are not a fool you're a ruffian and should be horsewhipped!"

Ben, still unnoticed, moved quickly to the relief of the frightened girl, and reached her just as her insulter caught her by the arm, and retorted:

"An' what air you? No decent woman in the neighborhood 'll look at yeh!"

Ben's fist crashed into the brutal face, which he recognized as belonging to Jo Roach, the hotel-keeper's son, and the worthless scamp fell to the ground like a log. Hope, trembling with fear, began to cry, and Ben was turning to comfort her, when she cried:

"Look out, look out, he'll kill you."

Ben turned around just in time to save himself, and another well-directed blow laid his assailant insensible on the ground, where he was quickly disarmed. "The young scoundrel ought to have every bone in his body broken for the way he insulted you," said Ben coolly, putting Jo's knife in his pocket.

"Did he hurt you?" gasped Hope faintly, as she struggled to recover her self-possession.

"No, child; I'm all right, but you are going to faint if you don't look out," cried Ben kindly, "Let me see you safely home."

"Thank you; I'm afraid I'll have to trouble you that much."

He quietly put her arm within his, and was feeling aggrieved that she had not recognised him, when she remembered his clean-shaven face and the gray wig he had chosen to use as a disguise while he investigated the causes which led up to the writing of Israel's letter. Determined to help Hope out of her trouble, he invited her confidence by saying:

"Young lady, I was an involuntary listener to what that young scoundrel said to you. Your face gives the lie to his insinuations. Perhaps I can be of use to you if you are in trouble."

The honest kindness of the tone and the service Ben had just rendered her broke down her reserve, as she looked up at him with eyes swimming in tears.

"You are a stranger here or you would know about it," she answered, "I recognize you as the gentleman staying at the hotel."

"Yes, I am a stranger staying at the hotel, but I had a mother and for her sake and in her name I promise you that if I can be of use to you, I will be glad to serve you."

"Thank you—I believe in you;" she answered, sadly; "I am in trouble, but am I afraid it can't be remedied."

"Do not despair. Whatever difficulty you are in, face it like a woman and it will disappear. I know you can have done nothing wrong and if any one is trying to wrong you and you have no protector I offer you my services and you will never have cause to regret your confidence. I will be here for some time and should you want advice or assistance let me know. Here is my card."

He held the red gate open to let admit her, and as she thanked him she held out her hand:

"Do not think I am ungrateful, but I am sure you could not help me, I thank you! Good night."

Ben had turned on his heel and just bitten off the end of a cigar when he collided with his brother Israel.

"Hello mister! Don't run over a feller! There's plenty of room teh pass!"

"Hello, Twelve Tribes, where are you going?"

Israel stopped short and peered into his brother's face for a moment.

"Well, I swan teh man! It's Ben!"

"Hush, Israel, don't shout it! Don't you see I'm disguised?"

"Well, I'm blessed! If yeh ain't!" whispered Israel mysteriously.

"Come with me, son, and tell me all about the war, and what they kill each other for!" laughed Ben, as he took hold of Israel and led him along. "You see I answered your letter promptly, and am on deck to attend to the Deacon, so unload yourself at once."

"Hev yeh turned gray, er is that a wig ye'v gon on?"

"It's a wig, silly! Go on, tell me everything that's happened since I went away. I was prowling round here till ten o'clock last night trying to get a sight of you. You are such an innocent I was afraid to approach you when anyone was around for fear you'd give the whole thing away."

"Was that Hope yeh jest took home?" enquired Israel.

"Yes, I came across her over by Birche's, where that drunken vag, Jo Roach, was trying to pick up an acquaintance, and I had to knock him down a couple of times before I could turn his attention in some other direction."

"Well, I swan! Did she know yeh?"

"No—but I heard Jo say some things to her I could'n't understand—something about women not speaking to her. What did he mean?"

"What does everybody mean?" cried Israel, "that's what I want teh know. They're all talkin 'bout Hope, and even the school children pint their fingers at her!"

"What did you mean when you said father wanted her to marry him, and said 'offil things' to her?"

"It can't be that—but set down here an' I'll tell yeh the hull thing from start teh finish as fer's I know it."

The brothers sat down on a log, and with a precision of detail which made the recital a long one, Israel described his father's proposal of marriage, Hope's refusal, and the shameful taunt the Deacon used to compel her to silence.

Ben listened without a word of comment until the close, and then, rising, he remarked:

"Israel, I thought I knew the infernal depths of the Deacon's hypocrisy and cowardice, but this damnable persecution wiates my comprehension of villany!"

"I think Mrs. Hooper or Uncle Abe Gaylor is mixed up somehow 'ith th' old man's scheme, but I can't tell! Hope acted awful queer coming home from there one Sunday, an' hain't never been th' same since; an' it wasn't long afore th' story got started about suthin' bein wrong 'ith her car-ack-ter! But it's a lie, I know it is," concluded Israel, loyally.

"A lie! Of course it is! A damned, infernal lie, and I'll nail it onto someone's mouth before another week passes, or else believe myself a bigger fool than some of the rest of you! Yes, and you'll find the Deacon at the bottom of it, Israel! I'm ashamed to think I am his son! Good night! Keep quiet, and meet me here to-morrow night."

(To be Continued.)

A Model Boy.

A certain seven-year-old Harlem boy is too active for the peace of the household. As his mother was taking leave of some lady callers lately Walter, desirous of attracting notice, came prancing down stairs with a cross between a jig and bear dance. Suddenly he slipped and came tumbling down the whole length, lighting on his feet, however, in the midst of the screaming ladies.

"How could you come down so recklessly?" cried his mother.

The boy felt as though lightning was playing along his spine, but he affected not to hear his mother, and proceeded to shake hands with the ladies as though nothing had happened.

"Are you not almost killed?" inquired one.

"Oh, no," smiled Walter politely, "I always come down so."

The Actor.

Oh, man, with your wonderful dower!
Oh, woman with genius and grace!
You can teach the world smiles by your power,
If you are but worthy the place.
The stage is a force and a factor
In moulding the thoughts of the day,
If only the heart of the actor
Is high as the theme of the play.

No discourse, no sermon can reach us
Through feeling to reason like you;
No author can stir us or teach us,
With lessons so sublime and true!
Your words and your gestures obeying,
We weep or rejoice with your part,
And the plays we witness all this applying,
He ought to be great as his art!

No matter what role you are giving,
No matter what skill you betray,
The everyday life you are living
Is certain to color the play.
The thoughts we conceal and hidden
Are creatures of malice in fact:
They steal forth unseen and unbidden
And generate motive and act.

The genius that shines like a comet,
Fills only one part of God's plan,
So the lesson the world derives from it
Is marred by the life of the man.
Be worthy your work if you love it,
The king should be fit for the crown;
Stand high as your art or above it,
And make us look up—and not down.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Novel Death Announcement.

HALL STEVEDORES AND LONGSHOREMEN'S BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.

Died—on Tuesday, December 20, 1887, in the city of New Orleans, Our Financial Secretary, JOHN MCSHANE GILLEN, Aged 39 years. He lived an exemplar to his fellow-men and died the faithful. Death came to him after a painful illness. Peace, blissful peace, to that proud form, which gave space and earthly semblance to the noble soul which glowed within its compass. Brave and magnanimous soul and spirit of devotion and devotion! Heaven-directed thou hast crossed that dark and awful gulf which begins in mortality from immortality. To thy memory tribute we would bring, and weep, in sacred words of praise, as 'twere flowery garlands, scatter them above thy mortal resting-place, in token that the beloved dead still live in the hearts of the living.

—New Orleans Picayune.

The Difference.

It takes sixteen days for a Laplander to marry the girl of his choice. How the bride and groom of our land would suffer were they compelled to stand before the minister sixteen days and repeatedly assure that worthy person that it is their wish to be married to each other! The few moments that one is obliged to stand up in front of a large congregation at such a time seems like an age. The man's knees will grow weak and tremble in spite of all he can do, while the dear girl at his side feels as weak as a kitten (the writer has had the sensation described by competent authorities). Sixteen long days of this would drive the most hardy person crazy, and even if the loving couple did escape with sound intellect their nerves would be so shattered that life would be a burden. However, there is one thing certain. The knot is tied just as tight in a few moments as it would be if it took sixteen days, and it is cheaper. If a man paid a minister for sixteen days' work at the rate that he usually pays for those few blessed minutes he would not have enough to go to keeping house on, to say nothing of his wedding tour.

It Was Curious

Wife—"Do you know what time it was when you got in last night?"

Husband—"Nearly 1 o'clock, I guess. It was after midnight when I got through balancing my books. Well, well! This is curious: here's a button off the bed. I remember hung it on this chair and it fell down. Where are my boots?"

"On the hat rack."—*Omaha World.*

The Reasons Why.

A lady who wears a wig and resides out on B street combed her little boy's hair the other evening, and he fretted and cried under the experience. "Why, Freddie," said his mother, "you ought not to make such a fuss. I don't fret and cry when my hair is combed." "Yes," replied the precocious youngster, "but your hair ain't hitched to your head."—*Oregon Siftings.*

An Apologist for Noah.

A temperance advocate going home with a Kentuckian from a lecture on Noah was deploring the weakness of that great navigator.

"I don't see," he said, "how a man to whom the Lord had been so merciful could, so soon as the flood had subsided, go off and become so intoxicated."

"Well," replied the Kentuckian spiritedly, "I don't know about that. There's mighty few men round here who wouldn't have done the same thing if they had to live on water as long as Noah did."

She Did It in Self Defense.

A young man had been arrested for kissing a pretty girl, and when the witness stand.

"You say," said the attorney for the defendant, "that the young man kissed you against your will?"

"Yes, he did; and he did it a dozen times, too."

"Well, is it not true that you kissed him during the affray?"

Objected to; objection overruled.

"Now answer my question," continued the attorney; "did you not kiss the defendant also?"

"Yes, I did," replied the witness indignantly, "but it was in self-defense."

He Knew His Brother Well.

A Texas gentleman traveling in a Pullman palace car in Pennsylvania happened to say that he was from the Lone Star State. "Do you live in the western portion of the State?" asked a man opposite. "I do." "In Tom Green County?" "That's my county." "Live near Carson?" "That's my town." "Perhaps you know my brother, William Henry Jones?" "Know him? Gimme your hand, stranger. I helped to hang William Henry the night before I left. He was a horse thief, but a good one."

A Charming Conversationalist.

Watering place society.—Young man (to young lady to whom he has been introduced)—"You are a daughter, I believe, of Major Muckiehead."

Lady—Yes, sir. Do you know papa?

Man—Yes.

Lady—I think papa is just splendid.

Man—And you have a brother named William?

Lady—Do you know Brother Will?

Man—Yes.

Lady—Oh, I think Brother Will is just splendid.

Man—Some time ago I met an aunt of yours, Miss Tabitha Thorn.

Lady (with enthusiasm)—Do you know Aunt Tabitha?

Man—Yes.

Lady—Oh, I think Aunt Tabitha is just splendid.

A few moments later the lady, while talking to her mother, says: "Mamma, I have just had such a delightful conversation. Mr. — is the most charming conversationalist I ever saw."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

I Will Not Let Thee Go.

I will not let thee go.
Ends all our month-long love in this?
Can it be summed up so,
Quit in a single kiss?
I will not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
If thy world-heart breaks could scare thy deeds
As the soft south can blow
And toss the withered weeds,
Then might I let thee go.

* * *

I will not let thee go.
The stars that twinkle in summer skies
Have watched us so below
With all their million eyes,
I dare not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
I hold thee by too many bands;
Thou sayest farewell, and lo!
I have thee by the hands,
And will not let thee go.

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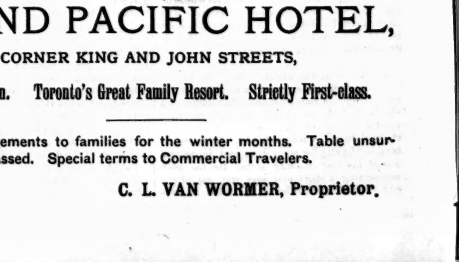

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FOR TWENTY YEARS:

A Story of Love and Life in England.

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

Author of "Old Middleton's Money," "Victor and Vanquished," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

It was there that Adelaide saw him again for the first time for nearly seven years. He did not recognize her; he was but dimly aware of what was going on around him; his companions dragged him quickly on, and her Grace's carriage was soon out of sight.

"A bad case," said the doctor of the ward in which Jim lay, to his assistant. "This man has not long to live; he ought to have come here long ago."

"Hush! he hears you," said the other.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"He must know it soon," he said.

Jim, who had been lying half-unconscious on his bed, opened his eyes and looked full in the face of the last speaker. There was an eager, frightened look in his sunken orbs and a tremor on the pale lips.

"What must I know?" he asked, in a hoarse whisper.

"That you are ill—very ill!" said the younger of the two doctors, kindly.

"Ill! Yes, sir, I know that; I've been ill a long time. But it's more than that he said."

And Jim looked at the other and older man.

"I said you were in a bad way, my poor fellow!" he answered, replying to Jim's questioning look. "But we'll do what we can for you."

Jim sighed convulsively and tried to raise himself, but the effort was too much for him, and he fell back exhausted.

The young doctor began to arrange the bandages on his arm.

"It doesn't hurt now; the pain's gone," Jim murmured.

"Yes, yes; I know," the doctor answered, gently.

"And I, ignorant though I be, know what that means; and I know what he meant. I'm a dead man, sir!" answered Jim.

"We are afraid—" began the other.

"That my hand is mortifying, and my arm too. Yes, I've seen a good many bad wounds in my day, gentlemen, and I know how things go. Well, ain't I right?" And he looked keenly at the two doctors.

"Yes," answered the elder, gravely.

"Then," said Jim, after a pause during which his labored breathing was painful to hear, "send for a magistrate, gentlemen, for I've something to confess before I die. Don't delay. The man I sent to jail by a false oath—I must do what I can to save him, before it is too late!"

He raised himself, his eyes glowing and sparkling with eagerness, and trembling in every limb.

"For God's sake, don't linger," he said excitedly; "it's a twenty years' sentence—twenty years!—do you understand, doctor?"

"Don't agitate yourself, or you won't have strength to say what you want, my good fellow," said the doctor. "I'll see to it. Be still and quiet—it's your only chance."

"As that! is it so near as that?" whispered Jim, growing so white that the nurse hastened to administer a restorative to him.

And he did as he lay perfectly still. A couple of hours later the doctor and another gentleman appeared.

"In time?" asked the doctor, in a low voice; but Jim heard him.

"In time, sir, but not one bit too soon," he answered. "Now let me tell my story."

And as the magistrate sat beside him he told the story of the poaching affray at Yardly.

"I swore at the trial," he commenced, "that George Yorke was the man who shot Tom Winch. It was a lie. George Yorke raised his gun to his shoulder, but he never fired. The gun wasn't loaded. I knowed that all the time, and that's why I couldn't meet his eyes in court. They staggered me. I knocked the gun out of his hand, and Haines collared him from behind. He struggled hard then, sure enough—who wouldn't have!—but he was quiet enough till he was attacked. He'd nothing to do with the poachers—not he! He was in the wood to meet his sweetheart—the girl I loved—his sweetheart, though she vowed to the last she wasn't! That's why I swore away his liberty, to get him out of my way. I hated him then, but somehow I'm sorry I did it now. Patience wouldn't have me, after all—I was a fool to think she ever would—and everything's gone from bad to worse with me ever since.

He stopped, and lay quite still with shut eyes, then suddenly he spoke again.

"Jeff Luke—Luke the loafer, as they call him—swore as I did; I gave him five pounds for his trouble. Where is he? Why, in jail, working out seven years for burglary, but he'll speak the truth if ye ask him; he's no more to gain for telling the lie now—he knows that."

And then Jim Morton was silent, and the magistrate and doctor, when the confession had been duly signed, left him.

"Mayhap Patience 'll marry him now," he muttered, an hour or two later, "but it will be all one to me—I sha'n't see it. Patience is a good lass; I loved her, but she was too good for a miserable wretch like me."

Next day there was another vacant bed in the hospital ward, and Jim Morton had breathed his last.

"I'm glad I told them," were his last words.

CHAPTER IX.

It was March—a cold, windy March; snow fell almost daily, and was blown into deep drifts by the wild blast. Such terrible weather so late in the season had not been known for years, and the farmers were all beginning to lament, and look forward to a bleak, late spring.

"The duchess comes down to-day, father," said Mrs. Hollingford, as she and the farmer, with Patience and old Gilbert Yorke (whom the Hollingfords had taken home for the winter, that Patience might be able to look after him more constantly), sat round the fire after tea. "It's the second visit only she's paid to Yardly since she was married. Lady Adelaide—her Grace, I mean—used to be fond of Yardly once on a time, but now, may be, she's too fine for it."

"Very likely; it's not too lively, with the earl laid up with the gout, and Lady St. Quintin with rheumatics," laughed the farmer.

"And Lady Adelaide won't be able to ride about this snowy weather," chimed in Patience.

"Lady Adelaide—Lady Adelaide—a fine young lady," chuckled old Gilbert. "I mind me how she and my bonnie George used to ride about together so long ago. She had a rare seat on horseback, and he's the best rider in these parts. When is he coming home, Patience? I must be back in the old house when he comes, mind ye."

"Yes, yes," smiled Patience; "we go back before then."

And the smile was followed by a sigh. When would then be? Not in the poor old man's time.

"Do ye know, Patience," he went on, his dim eyes fixed on the fire, "I've felt queer to-day. I've been fancying George would come very soon—that he was very near me. I almost thought when I woke this morning he was at my bed, and I should hear his voice rousing me with 'Get up, father; it's a fine morning, and ye shouldn't lie abed any longer!'"

The tones were so like George's that Patience started.

"There, there, Mr. Yorke!" said Mrs. Hollingford, testily, as she looked at her child; "George isn't come yet, and surely it's bedtime, and I've lit the fire for you up-stairs. Patience, child, light Mr. Yorke's candle, and father will see him to bed, whilst I just make 'un a cup of gruel."

Patience did as she was bid, lit the candle, bade Gilbert good night, and when Mrs. Hollingford went off to make the gruel, sat down by the fire again.

The wind blew in gusts, and the snow beat against the window.

It was a wretched night. Patience pitied all poor houseless wanderers who might be abroad in such weather.

As she sat, the firelight playing on her golden-brown hair, she heard a footstep without.

The garden gate, half blocked with snow, was pushed violently open. Someone was coming to the door.

Who could it be on such a night?

She seemed to recognize the footstep, muffled as was its fall on the snow.

Suddenly, she started up with a stifled cry, and a strange, almost unearthly, light in her eyes. There was a knock at the door, and a faint, peculiar whistle from without reached her ears; and in an instant, heedless of the snow and wind, Patience had flown to the door, unbarred it, and thrown it wide open.

"Patience, child, art thee mad!" cried the farmer.

But Patience heeded him not. She had darted out into the storm.

"George! George!" she cried.

And, in an instant, she returned, leading by the hand a tall, gaunt, sparely-clad figure, and George Yorke stood in the midst of his friends once more.

"George!" cried the farmer, aghast, whilst Patience still held his hand, trembling violently.

"Good heart, the wind!" cried Mrs. Hollingford, entering.

But when she saw George she gave one scream, and rushed towards him.

"What are ye gaping at, farmer?" she cried, as, just in time, she pushed George to the sofa. "Can't ye see the poor lad's frieze, and, maybe, starving? Patience, I thought more sense of you! Here, George, drink this, and talk afterwards!"

He drank the warm ale the good woman had prepared for the farmer, and then looked about him.

"Patience! Patience!" he said.

"I am here, George!" she sobbed, coming to him.

"Patience! Yes, she is true and good!" he muttered, looking up into her face in a bewildered manner. Then he drew his hand across his eyes, and in a moment or two seemed to collect his scattered senses, and to realize where he was.

His eyes fell on old Gilbert's chair in the chimney corner.

"My father?" he asked.

"Alive and well, George," cried the farmer, cheerily "thanks to Patience there!"

"Patience again; my good angel!" he murmured; whilst Patience, her eyes brimming over, blushed for joy.

"And how came ye to get away?" whispered the farmer, after George, warmed and clothed with dry raiment, had seated himself again by the fire. "We'll keep ye safe, George; they shall never—"

"Don't you know, farmer? Haven't you read in the papers?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes; I've seen no papers for two weeks past," said the farmer; whilst Mrs. Hollingford an d Patience looked at him expectantly.

"They found out they were wrong about me," said George in a hard voice; "and after inflicting seven years of torture, and misery, and degradation on me for nought, they've turned me out into the world again. Too late!—too late!" And, with a groan, George hid his face in his hands. "A wretch—a miserable, dishonored wretch!" he muttered. "They've a deal to answer for! As for Jim Morton—Heaven help me!—I can't forgive him, thought he's gone to his last account, and he did his best to repair his fault before he died!"

What! that—that Jim Morton dead!" cried Mrs. Hollingford; whilst Patience gave a cry of horror.

"Ay; he told all before he died, and then they let me go—not three days ago," replied George. "But it's too late now, as I said."

"Too late! too late for what?"

They all looked at George as he spoke, and wondered.

He was changed—awfully changed. Stern, haggard, with hard, cold eyes, and a fixed, sullen mouth; aged, thin, rough-looking, defiant.

Patience looked at him, her heart sank and a sorrowing pity, that filled her with tears, took possession of her.

"George—dear George!" she said, coming and sitting down beside him; "don't think of the past any more. It is over and done with; let's forget it. It is not too late for you to live the rest of a happy life again."

He looked up into her sweet face, and his eyes softened. He took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"Ah, Patience!" he said, in something of his old voice; "you don't know what the remembrance of you has been to me all these years of hell upon earth!"

Those terrible pangs shot through his breast. He let the little hand drop, bowed his head on his breast, and groaned in bitterness of spirit.

"You're tired, man, and done up," said the farmer, compassionately. "Wife, is the bedroom ready? Then, George, you'd best say good night, and be ready to wake thy old father at daybreak to-morrow. Yes; it's late. An! you didn't know that, of course! He'll be right glad to see ye to-morrow. He's a bit weak in the head, you know, and thinks you've been gone but a little time—just on a pleasure trip, you know."

"A pleasure trip!" groaned George. "Well, it's better so by far. It's well he should think so, poor old fellow!"

Tired though George was, he was still evidently disinclined to go to bed. He was restless and fidgety; and half a dozen times it seemed as if he were on the point of asking a question but stopped before the words were out of his mouth.

But the farmer at last managed to get him up-stairs, and was about to leave him at the door of his room, when George laid a detaining hand on his arm, and looked sternly into his face.

"Tell me," he said, in a voice that he tried to prevent rising to an angry pitch, "I—I saw Lady Adelaide Harcourt at the railway station in London this morning; who was the man she was with? Not so long ago. She had a rare seat on horseback, and he's the best rider in these parts. When is he coming home, Patience? I must be back in the old house when he comes, mind ye."

"Yes, yes," smiled Patience; "we go back before then."

And the smile was followed by a sigh. When would then be? Not in the poor old man's time.

"Do ye know, Patience," he went on, his dim eyes fixed on the fire, "I've felt queer to-day. I've been fancying George would come very soon—that he was very near me. I almost thought when I woke this morning he was at my bed, and I should hear his voice rousing me with 'Get up, father; it's a fine morning, and ye shouldn't lie abed any longer!'"

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Patience did as she was bid, lit the candle, bade Gilbert good night, and when Mrs. Hollingford went off to make the gruel, sat down by the fire again.

Married! She had married—or the world had called it married—only a few months after he had been sent away! She had quite forgotten him, almost before he had been sent to Portland. She had rejoiced, no doubt, at hearing of his conviction, and the length of his sentence—twenty years! Of course, she had never expected him to come back again.

But he had come back, and now he would expose her; he would have his revenge. He would go and proclaim her what she was—a hypocrite, a liar, a deceiver. He would take her away from the man she had deceived into marrying her. She should follow him and live in poverty, the wife of George Yorke, the ex-convict; the whole world should know her shameful history!

A savage joy filled his heart as he thought of it; and he chuckled aloud as he pictured to himself her agony of despair and shame his blood rushed in surging torrents through; his veins as he paced restlessly up and down the room. He heard strange sounds, and saw strange sights; he could have sworn Adelaide was standing before him, and he struck at the phantom savagely, and then sunk down on the bed exhausted.

"She knew me this morning—I vow she did. I saw her start and change color," he thought. "Adelaide, oh, why could you not have remained true to me?"

Then darkness came over his darkness, and he knew no more.

She had recognized him, and with a pang of despair and horror that almost overpowered her.

She and her husband had left town that morning for Yardly. The earl was ill, and desired to see his daughter; and, much against her will, the duke had decided she must go to the castle, and insisted on setting off that morning.

"Such a day to start," she complained. "It's so cold, Hubert, and so damp. What on earth will Yardly be like? What my father can want me for I can't imagine. It is pure caprice on his part."

"I don't see anything unnatural in a man wanting to see his child when he's dangerously ill," replied the duke, coldly; for Adelaide's selfishness and irritability were beginning to be very wearisome to him.

"Nonsense, Hubert; papa is no worse than usual—just one of his fits of the gouty, and he will be as cross as possible, I suppose," she replied.

"Well, don't you be cross, too, my dear," replied Hubert, dryly. "One must give up one's own way sometimes, you know."

"Oh, yes; you are never tired of breaching that to me," she retorted. "It seems as if I am always obliged to give up my own way nowadays."

"I don't see it particularly," he answered. "Here we are, and only five minutes to spare. You keep us waiting so long. Follow me. The train starts from the second platform."

"Nonsense!" he muttered, as the carriage that Adelaide became aware that she was the object of the special attention of a tall, poorly-clad man standing not ten yards from her behind a huge pile of luggage.

"Stand aside, my man," cried a porter, and, as he rolled the truck away, Adelaide raised her eyes, and cast one languid, curious, haughty glance at the person addressed.

Her heart almost stopped, and, for an instant, every limb was rigid with terror.

Changed as he was, in one moment she recognized George Yorke.

Had he recognized her? Not one muscle in his face had changed as he looked on her. The dull, ferocious, sullen light in his dark eyes had not altered. But what did it matter!—he was there, free, at liberty—out of prison, and he was her husband!

"Get in, Adelaide, the train will be off in a brewer's!" said the duke, impatiently; and mechanically Adelaide entered the carriage, took her seat and huddled herself up in a corner, lowered her veil, and did not look up again till the train was well out of the station.

"Are you cold?—will you have your other rug?" asked Almadale, in a few moments. "You look pale."

"Yes—no; I'm warm enough," she answered. But her teeth chattered and her hands shook.

"Nonsense! You look perished," he replied, taking down a fur-lined rug and wrapping it round her. Then he sat down again and began to read.

"Hubert!" she said, in a low, trembling voice half an hour later.

"Well, my dear," he replied.

"Did you see that man in the platform, close to us as we got into the carriage?" she asked.

"No. What man?" he said carelessly.

"A tall, dark man, with close-cut hair. He looked hard at me and so wildly—like a maniac. He was very like George Yorke, who was—"

"Yes; I remember," replied the duke. "Perhaps it was him, and his time's up."

"No, no; he got twenty years! Don't you remember?" replied Adelaide, anxiously.

"Did he? Well, then, it can't be Yorke. You look quite frightened, Adelaide. One would think you were afraid of the man," said the duke.

"Afraid! How ridiculous you are, Hubert!" she replied, pettishly.

And she lay back among her furs in silence, to think about George Yorke with a terror that she felt was driving her mad.

"I wonder shall we see him at Yardly?" she said, as they neared the station.

"He!—who? Oh, the man you thought was that young blackguard, Yorke! No, my dear; not likely. There is no third-class to this train; from your description of the man, I don't suppose he is likely to travel first or second."

Adelaide felt relieved. She looked around the platform as she got out of the carriage. They were the only people who left the train at the little station. George Yorke had not come.

She tried to persuade herself that the man she had seen was, after all, not George, but with poor success.

The earl was better when they arrived; so much better than he was able to come down to dinner that evening, and declared he would make his appearance in the breakfast room next morning.

"It's snowing as hard as it can snow," he said; "and when the snow is once down I shall be better. This sort of weather is fearful. Nothing is so bad for the way of weather as a cold English spring."

"And no place in England is so cold and damp in spring as this horrid old castle!" said Adelaide.

"Ah, I remember when there was no place you liked so well as Yardly!" cried the Earl. "The trouble your aunt and I had to get you to leave it! Now it's not good enough for your Grace!"

And he laughed sarcastically.

Next morning the sun shone brightly, and the wind had fallen; there was a dead calm. The snow covered the lawns and shrubs round the castle and hung in huge masses on the great pine trees.

Adelaide looked out over the white landscape with a shiver.

"It will thaw this afternoon, they say, and then it will be damp, by Jove!" cried the earl, ruefully, as he hobbled into the room. "Cicely, I pity you! Look out for your rheumatism! We shall be swamped here!"

"My rheumatism, Hetherington?" cried Lady St. Quentin, entering in a state of great excitement. "Oh, I can't think about my rheumatism just now! I've heard such a piece of news!"

"News at Yardly!" cried Adelaide.

But her heart sank.

She knew as it were by instinct what was coming.

"Yes, and news that will delight you, my dear, I know. Who do you think has come back? Guess, guess!" she cried.

"Come back! What do you mean?" asked the earl.

"Yes, come back! Pardoned! No, I mean innocent. He never did it, after all," she began, eagerly, and, as usual with her, incoherently.

"Why," cried the duke, "you don't mean George Yorke, Lady St. Quentin? Adelaide—"

"But I do," returned Lady St. Quentin. "Did you ever hear of anything so romantic?"

"Dear me! And I never told you, Cicely!" cried the earl. "I read in the paper yesterday all about it; but her Grace then coming down, put it out of my head. Your favorite, Patience, will rejoice now."

"Yes, and George is at the Hollingford's. It was all that horrid, dreadful Jim Morton, who swore what wasn't true; and that other horrid fellow—I forget his name. But it's all right now, and of course he'll marry Patience immediately."

"And they'll be happy for ever afterwards, as the old stories say," laughed the duke. "Adelaide, you were right, after all, and the man you saw at the station yesterday must have been Bonnie George Yorke."

And the duke turned round to look for Adelaide, but she had vanished.

(To be Continued.)

The Bright Side.

There is many a rest in the road of life
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life
Which we pass in our idle pleasure
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing.
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious life asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends
And sit and grieve and wonder.

Clips.

Weighed in the balance and found wanting—An East Side ton of coal.

It is no great credit for the worm to turn when stepped upon. A barrel hoop will do the same thing.

"See here, waiter, how is it that I find a trousers button in this salad?" "Dat am a part of de dressin', sah."

The bright boys his employes good wages and pays them regularly, and yet some of them often knead bread.

There isn't a more innocent little thing in the world than a brook trout, and yet it has made hopeless liars of thousands of men.

It is often said that "two heads are better than one," but the fellow who had a head "put on him" says he doesn't want another.

Many a poor woman thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and when she gets one she finds she can do nothing with him.

Mr. Featherly—What beautiful teeth Miss Smith has! Miss Sharptongue—Yes, I think her last set much prettier than the other.

"Too much absorbed in his business," was the comment of a newspaper on the death of a brewer who was found drowned in a tank of his own beer.

It is a singular fact that when two young men meet they address each other, "How are you, old man?" and that when two old fellows meet they say, "My boy."

Customer (in Chinese laundry)—Does that dog belong to you, John? Celestial—Yep. Customer—I am fond of dogs! Celestial—When hungly, dog belly good.

Customer (who has poured out a big drink for himself)—I think I will take just a drop of bitters. Bartender (politely)—Very well, sir, if you think there is room for it.

A lover's strategem—How is it you always take your intended to the railway station? Because we can there kiss undisturbed, as folks think we are merely saying good bye.

Teacher—Have animals a capacity for affection? Class—Nearly all. Teacher—Correct. Now what animal possesses the greatest attachment for man? Little Girl—Woman.

"Then you do love me, Evaline?" he said. "I do," she murmured. "And shall I speak to you?" he asked. "No," she replied, "speak to ma; pa isn't of any account in this family."

Exasperated wife—What do you mean by coming home at this time in the morning? Inebriated husband—Taint my fault, m' dear. The fellers had all gone; didn't have any one to talk to.

A man in Yonkers hanged himself to a bedpost by his suspenders. The coroner's jury decided that "the deceased came to his death by coming home drunk and mistaking himself for his trousers."

"Jennie," said a young lady, turning away from the mirror and addressing a companion, "What would you do if you had a mustache on your lip?" "If I liked him it would keep quiet," was the demure reply.

"I say, Mrs. McCarthy, this 're's a very bad cabbage." Mrs. M.—Shure now, and is it, honey? Then ate another. Young cabbages is like sweethearts; ye must thry half a dozen 'fore ye gets a good wan.

Proud mother (haughtily)—You allowed yourself to be wheedled altogether too easily, Edith—I suppose I did. But as Albert is rather bashful, and I am nearing thirty, I thought it only proper to make it as easy as possible for him.

Lawyer—Your uncle makes you his sole heir; but the will stipulates that the sum of one thousand dollars must be buried with him. Heir (feelingly)—The old man was eccentric; but his wishes must be respected, of course. I'll write a cheque for the amount.

Shall I Look Back.

From some dim height of being, undescried,
Shall I look back, and trace the weary way
By which my feet are journeying to-day—
The toilsome path that climbs the mountain side
Or leads into the valley, sun-denied,
Where, through the darkness, hapless wanderers stray,
Unblessed, uncheered, ungladdened by a ray
Of certitude their errant steps to guide?

Shall I look back, and see the great things small—
The toilsome path God's training for my feet,
The pains that never had been worth my tears?
Will some great light of rapture, bathing all,
Make by-gone woe seem joy; past bitter, sweet—
Shall I look back and wonder at my fears?

Didn't Think Much of Harps.

"Dat 'ar 'Lias Snodgrass am de mos' onreligious nigger I ever seed, he," remarked old Jordan Johnson to Uncle Billy Gasber.

"What's he bin doin' now?"

"Ain't been doin' nuffin. Hit's 'is way ob talkin'."

"What's he bin sayin'?"

"Why, de odder day he were all telin' 'im 'bout de golden streets an' de crowns of glory an' de place whar dar am nuffin to do but jes' to play harps all de time."

"An' didn't 'Lias b'lieve it?"

"I dunno for suah, but all he said wuz dat ef dey'd give him a golden banjo he mout manage to git erlong, but he nebber could play an a ha'lp, an' he reckoned he wuz too old to learn."

—Merchant Traveler.

A Professional View.

Dr. Pellet—"So Scalpel set your broken arm?"

Patient—"Yes, sir."

Pellet—"What were his charges?"

Patient—"Twenty dollars."

Pellet—"Robbery, sir—downright robbery! I'd have amputated it for $25!"

SOLID COMFORT.

HOW TO GET IT.

As I'm sitting by the fireside
My thoughts do backward wander
'Tis not so very long ago
That time on which I ponder,
A year ago, how different things were,
I had no fireside of my own
Was broken down and forced to despair,
A stranger friendless and alone.

Although so very short a time
I now can look around
On every comfort, all my own,
As nice a home as could be found,
A handsome stove and carpets rich
On parlor floor and stairs,
Splendid pictures, hanging lamps,
Extension table and chairs.

And on the hall tree over there
Clothing thick and warm I see,
A fur trimmed coat with cap to match
And all belong to me.
In fact I have just all I want,
House furnished well right through
And if you want to get the same
I'll tell you what to do.

There's many to-day without a home,
Although they may not be,
You all can get one of your own
If you but do the same as we.
Walker, the Public Benefactor,
Offers to you, one and all,
A house complete, and winter clothing
On Weekly Payments that are small.

Why go into furnished rooms when you can get all that is necessary to start house with for a very small outlay. Money saved is money made by taking advantage of our generous offer. Get all you want at one time, and pay for it afterwards, by weekly or monthly payments. House furnishings of every description and first-class ready-made clothing can be had in this way at ordinary cash prices.

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

The Society Artist.

Having come, through the favor of the post-office, into receipt of the statement, engrossed by the art of the engraver on ragged-edge, double-weight Whatman paper, that Mr. Cheviott Sniggery would be pleased to have the favor of my company at his reception at No. 4444 Broadway, yesterday, I took the freak upon me to grant to Mr. Cheviott Sniggery the pleasure that he so politely craved. I do not know Mr. Cheviott Sniggery personally, though I had dim memories of him as an sniggery young man, with a flat head, on which the central parting of his hair made a mathematically straight line as if drawn with pale pink chalk, with a single eye glass, and an English accent of the rarest quality. Why Mr. Cheviott Sniggery should experience any special desire for my society I could not comprehend. How Mr. Cheviott Sniggery should be aware, indeed, of the existence of such a person as myself, was not exactly clear to me. Perhaps it was as much to satisfy myself upon these points, now that I come to analyze it, as to do any special honor to Mr. Cheviott Sniggery, that I found my way yesterday afternoon to 4444 Broadway.

It was evident, as I approached the door of the studio building which bears the symmetrical number given on Cheviott Sniggery's card, that Mr. Cheviott Sniggery was going to enjoy the pleasure of quite an amount of society that afternoon, and of good society, too. Society was coming in carriages, with coachman in bearskin capes and cockaded hats, and being set down on the sidewalk with a great deal of rattling and banging, and clattering of hoofs, and clashing of nickel-plated and gilded harness-chains, to the gaping edification of a shivering street mob kept back under by two gigantic policeman. An individual with large hands and feet, and a very large and shiny hat on a very small head, that seemed all jaw and mustache, who appeared to be on familiar terms with both the representatives of the constituted authorities, and who consequently enjoyed the awful admiration of the crowd, remarked, as I came up:

"Is it a funeral or a wedding, Mike?"

"Faith!" replied one of the officers, "nayther. It's wan av them arthists givin' a deseption to his frinds."

Anyone familiar with the works of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery—for Cheviott Sniggery is, I should explain, an artist, or what passes in society for such—will, no doubt, appreciate the accuracy of this specification. The inquirer, pursuing his quest for knowledge asked:

"Is he a fine artist, Mike?"

"Faith," returned Mike as before, and with equal felicitousness of expression, "he's wan av thim society arthists, don't ye know. Now then, ye vagabones (to an scatted small boy), kape yer brogues off the carpet."

There was a strip of carpet laid from the door of 4444 Broadway to the curbstone to protect society's soles from the soil of the vulgar flag stones. There was a canopy over it to protect society's crowns from possible violence from the rude elements. There were two colored persons to open the storm-doors of 4444 Broadway, so that society should not taint its gloved hands by contact with them, and on every landing up the two long flights of stairs, there were rich Oriental rugs for society to rest its weary feet upon while it gathered its second wind. As I went up the stairs, along with the Gylttedges, and Munnybaggers, and the Hyflyerers, and the Bauggguppe-Bolisters, and the rest, I must confess that I experienced a certain thrill of pride, and that my anticipatory admiration of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery rose at least fifty per cent.

But when we gained the topmost landing, and found the treasures of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's studio overrunning the public passage like the stock of a holiday shop; when, I say, we landed amid an overflow of the splendors of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's atelier, which transformed the hallway into a cross between a Paris bric-a-brac booth and a London cigar divan, then did the whole magnificence of the occasion commence to dawn upon us.

"Gad!" gasped young Caddson, of the Knickerbocker club, who had climbed up ahead of me, along with the Busster girls; "Chevoy's laid in a fresh stock of wubbish. Wondaw what weas Syphaw taxes this faw? is, anyhow?" And from the laugh that Caddson got, it was evident that society found some meaning to his not flagrantly lucid or brilliant bullitism.

Society was in full fig and fine feathers on the stairs and above the stairs, as in the street itself. In the decorated corridor, society lounged upon rug-covered sofas; it leaned against walls hung with faded tapestries of Flanders and Italy; it stood about and gossiped about nothing, as only society can; while through the open door of the studio came the sweet tinkle of a mandolin and the chiming clatter of teacups. Society smoked cigarettes in the hallway, while within society sipped tea; and it may be of interest to make note of the fact that among the social brigade that guarded Mrs. Cheviott Sniggery's approaches was one fair Amazon, whose manipulation of the nicotine cylinder would have been an object-lesson for Mrs. Langtry in the first act of As in a Smoking-Glass.

"It's that Fyrregylte girl," says the elder Miss Munnybagge, who wears glasses and belongs to the Nineteenth Century Club; "total creature! such vulgarity!"

Whereupon she and her sister commence a critical survey of the assembled society through quizzing glasses, with gilt handles crusted with the highest-colored stones in the market, and honor one and all of us with the metallic stare of as many millions as are supposed to constitute the Munnybagge capital.

"That dear Mrs. Sniggery!" cry the Busster girls, who always speak together. "She has not grown a day older, has she?"

"Hum!" replies Caddson, "she cawn't, don't chew know. Haw son is an awtiste, don't chew know. All the waw matewials on hand, don't chew know.

"Plenty of raw material to work on, too," says Miss Celia Squawker, whose wit shares the sharpness of her nose, and then we all laugh again.

Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's mother and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's aunt received for the gifted scion of the Sniggery house. Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's mother received in crimson velvet and a red bosom, and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's aunt in yellow satin and a bust to match. Posted at the studio door these stately and, in the matter of toilets, unsecretive ladies extended to society the word of welcome and the couple-of-dozen-button gloved hand of hospitality. And it must be admitted that society endured the vast and billowy revelations of tissue and tint that Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's mother and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's aunt had unveiled for them with a fortitude and a resignation that could only come of a long course of Metropolitan Opera House on first nights. Exactly why Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's mother and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's aunt should have burst into the glory of full toilet, while every one else wore tailor-made gowns and furred coats, did not appear. Perhaps it was to give significant expression of their stand on the vexed question of the nude in art, that is just now agitating all walks of local society, including Mr. Anthony Comstock's. If it was, the eloquence of their voiceless proclamation of principles was certainly most convincing.

With society guarding his ante-chamber, and dignity, comparatively unadorned, doing sentry duty at his door, Mr. Cheviott Sniggery, within the precincts of his artistic shrine, twangled the mandolin and decanted tea for society, in alternating devotions to the duty of the day. Animate and inanimate society was fully represented in Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's studio. It must be confessed that the conterfeit presentments of society as presented by Mr. Cheviott Sniggery among the decorations of his walls, did not appeal as vividly or vitally to the critical eye as the originals upon the floor. The young ladies with pink and white complexions, and the older ladies with pinker and whiter complexions, on Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's canvasses, did, so to speak an artistic injustice to their living selves, in that they were so much cleaner, and pinker, and whiter. But they were all handsomely framed, and varnished, till they might have done duty as mirrors, and when you take into consideration the fact that frames and varnish have often more influence on the sale of pictures than art, you will not, I am sure, wonder at being told that Mr. Cheviott Sniggery is one of the most popular and prosperous portrait-painters in or out of society in New York.

Besides, the quality of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's art is quite on a par with his patrons' appreciation of it. The conventions of criticism received small honor from the company assembled at Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's reception. In a general way, society might as well have been commending doll babies or pet dogs as the production of a glowing palette and an inspired brush. The rattle of small talk was a mixture of gossip and scandal, with dashes at the pictures now and then, wondrously bewildering to a mind not familiar with the intimate usages of that exalted society which Mr. Cheviott Sniggery adorns, if he does not altogether embellish it.

"And did you really, Mr. Sniggery," this trom Miss Squawker, "paint that picture of dear Mrs. Van Swiller in those nasty, greasy colors that smell so? Who would believe it possible!"

"Well, my deah Miss Celia," observes little Snobley, whose ancestry "began in a candle-factory in Greenpoint, "it is not altogethaw inappwopwiate, you know, faw the Van's got theiah little pile in pawk, didn't they?"

"Dweadful aws that Snobley," says Caddson, whose whole existence is devoted to out-doing Snobley in trousers and cravat. "Cawn't tell the difference between a cwomo and a theatwical postaw, by Gad! And heah him set up faw a cwitic, by Gad!"

"Fine color in that head of Mother Sniggery there," remarks a critical old clubman, through the vapor of his tea, "but rather painty."

"Ah! But remember the original, you dear old cynic," from a dowager, herself not innocent of an application of the arts to personal embellishment.

"They haven't been seen anywhere this season, and I read in *Town Topics* this week," Backbyte drops his voice, and sets a scandal afloat in an undertone.

"The story is quite true, my dear," says the elder Miss Munnybagge seriously to the younger ditto; the Munnybagge girls never converse with any one who does not rate as high financially as themselves. "They are really not worth more than a million, and it may be even less, for all we know."

And so it goes; the fashions, the people we know, the things we think we know, the rags and scraps of scandal that the winds of rumor blow about the town, with the sharp twangle of the mandolin punctuating it all, and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery making tea in the samovar by the gallon, and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's mother, and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's aunt growing more high-colored and billowy at the door, and becoming no more in their arduous efforts at hospitality that they commence to shine as if they had been varnished like the rest of the works of art which they stand sponsors for, and looking—good, elderly souls—a deal happier at saying good-bye to us than at giving us good-day.

When he is not enjoying the pleasure of society's company in his studio, and society is not enjoying the pleasure of his company in its drawing-rooms, Mr. Cheviott Sniggery paints society, in the most fetching of velvet studio-jackets, and with pastilles perfuming the air as they smoulder in Japanese incense burners and censers that have swung, if the dealers who sold them are to be believed, in the storied aisles of Notre Dame and of St. Peter's. The fashionable shops of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery do not allow him much time for purely artistic pursuits, for what with his own popularity and the necessity of a constant competition for society's favor with his rival, Tommy Popgun, Mr. Cheviott Sniggery is a busy man. The fact that Tommy Popgun not only paints society, but also models society in clay, gives him a certain advantage over Mr. Cheviott Sniggery, but this is offset by the fact that Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's mother and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's aunt are ever ready to leap into the breach in his behalf, even if they have to do it half dressed. Tommy Popgun has won a certain consideration, too, for his graceful activity and tried staying powers in the german, but has not yet been unable to master the mandolin or to brew tea of the requisite subtlety of flavor; so that, when the account comes to be balanced, it will doubtless be found that Mr. Cheviott Sniggery is at least a neck, or, perhaps, two necks and two busts ahead of him in the race, with a teapot and a mandolin to hear from.

What disposition society makes of the portraits Mr. Cheviott Sniggery and Tommy Popgun make of it, no mortal outside the confidence of the sitters has ever been able to make to discover. Owing to the prejudices of the juries of admission, not to say their professional jealousies, the work of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery and his rival do not appear in any of our academy exhibitions. Neither do they share with the genus of Corot and Millet, of Meissonier, Bougereau, Bonnat, and the rest of the modern masters, the honors of society's walls. Perhaps like the famous portrait of Mrs. Mackay, they are suspended in the more sacred precincts of society's house. Perhaps they are added to society's treasures in the safe deposit vaults as being quite too precious for ordinary use. At any rate, if you should wish to view them, you must get Mr. Cheviott Sniggery to request the pleasure of your company, and seek them in the home of their first being and the atmosphere which inspired them.

When I emerged, from the intoxicating atmosphere of the superior world in which the art of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery is pampered, into the street again, I ran plump into a man in a thin overcoat buttoned to his throat, whom the first January blast was blowing before it like a leaf. When he turned to reciprocate my apologies, I recognized him, and he me. "By Jove, old boy!" said he, with his teeth chattering a tune on their own account; "hope I didn't hurt you—I'm in a deuce of a hurry. Got to get a sketch into *Scribner's* to pay my studio rent." But, as he is only a man of talent, it is, probably, no wonder that he walks, to save car fare, and makes one overcoat serve him the year round.—*Alfred Trumble, in the San Francisco Argonaut.*

Saved by a Woman's Bravery.

City Banker—Ruined, ruined! I am to-day worse than a bankrupt!

Wife—Oh, husband, has the bank broken?

C. B.—Worse! worse than that.

Wife—And has your Chicago investment been swept away, too?

C. B.—Yes, and more; all your fortune I was keeping in trust.

Wife—Has it come to that? But cheer up, husband; all will be right. We will weather the disaster.

C. B.—No hope; all is lost.

Wife (heroically)—No, not all. I will countermand the order for that new dress at Madame De Poiseau's!

C. B.—Thank heaven, we are saved! (Tableau.)—*Tid-Bits.*

Unanswerable.

"No, my son shall not work in a bank. He's a delicate boy and I do wan't to be able to put himself in the way of danger," said a Harlem mother.

"But I don't see how bank-work can be considered dangerous," replied the husband.

"Aren't bank clerks constantly exposed to drafts?"

Inherited Beauty.

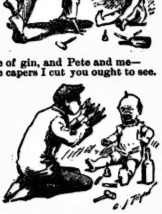
Miss Todidum (complaisantly)—Ah, Mrs. Goldbags, no one could mistake who the mother of these handsome children is. You ought to be proud of them, for they inherit all their mother's beauty and grace.

Mrs. Goldbags—So I'm told; but, you know, I never met my husband's first wife.

The Originality of Peter.

To be a father is certainly sweet.
And I am the father of Little Pete.

And they left me with him, the other day,
To keep him engaged in innocent play.



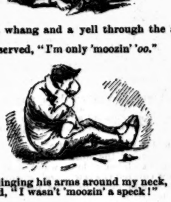
A bottle of gin, and Pete and me—
And the capers I cut you ought to see.

And the more I cavorted and pranced and leapt,
The more my progeny walled and wept;

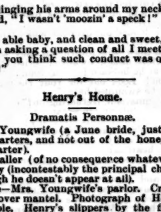
Till at last, with a smile like a full-blown rose,
He placed his two little hands on my toes,

And turned a somersault over my head:
"I'm goin' to 'mooze Papa," he said.

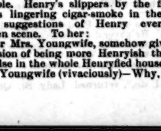
Then he balanced the gin bottle on his brow,
And inquired, "Papa, is 'oo a'moozed much now?"



Then, spinning around on the bottle's top,
He said, "Who's a'moozin' 'oo, dear old Pop?"



With a whang and a yell through the air he flew,
And observed, "I'm only 'moozin' 'oo."



Then, flinging his arms around my neck,
He cried, "I wasn't 'moozin' a speck!"

He's an able baby, and clean and sweet,
But I'm asking a question of all I meet,
"Don't you think such conduct was queer for Pete?"

Henry's Home.

Dramatis Personnæ.

Mrs. Youngwife (a June bride, just in her new quarters, and not out of the honeymoon's last quarter).

The caller (of no consequence whatever).

Henry (incontestably the principal character, although he doesn't appear at all).

Scene—Mrs. Youngwife's parlor. Crayon of Henry over mantel. Photograph of Henry on the table. Henry's slippers by the fire-place Henry's lingering cigar-smoke in the air—in short, suggestions of Henry everywhere. Caller en scene. To her:

[Enter Mrs. Youngwife, somehow giving the impression of being more Henryish than anything else in the whole Henryfied house.]

Mrs. Youngwife (vivaciously)—Why, how do you do? I'm awfully glad to see you—but, oh, I'm so sorry that Henry isn't at home—I truly am! He's detained at the office by extra work, poor fellow. He's so industrious, Henry is!

The caller—Yes, I—

Mrs. Youngwife—And, of course, you haven't seen his last picture; here it is. It's an excellent likeness, don't you think? And yet it doesn't do him justice—the artist said his expression was very unusual. He's so peculiar, Henry is!

The caller—Yes——

Mrs. Youngwife—So, perhaps, you'll like his cabinet better—Henry does. But he says he thinks it's a case of six of the one and half-a-dozen of the other, ha, ha, ha! He's so epigrammatic, Henry is!

The caller (seizing her opportunity)—It's extremely warm this afternoon.

Mrs. Youngwife—There! Exactly as Henry predicted! This very morning he said: "Now, Julia, see if we don't have a roaster—a regular sizzler"—in that humorous way of his, you know; and now it's turned out just as he said. He always was so meteorological!

The caller (politely continuing)—And I notice that almost everybody seems preparing to leave town.

Mrs. Youngwife (scornfully)—Henry isn't. When we arrived home the other day, he said: "Julie" (you know how abbreviating he is!)—"Julie, not a step do I stir out of the city this blessed summer." That shows how inhabitive Henry is!

(Pause, during which Mrs. Youngwife caressingly dusts photograph and tenderly rearranges slippers. Then——)

Mrs. Youngwife—Henry——

The caller (desperately)—Oh, have you read Tolstoi's last?

Mrs. Youngwife—Henry has. And he doesn't like it at all. "Why," he said, only yesterday: "it's just nothing but Nihilism flumdiddle, and that's flat!" He really did. He's so condemnatory, Henry is!

The caller—Many people speak very highly of the book.

Mrs. Youngwife (with decision)—Henry—

The caller (persevering)—What do you think?

Mrs. Youngwife (slightly ruffled)—Why, I've just told you Henry's opinion of it!

The caller (finding situation dangerous)—I think I shall run down to Bar Harbor next week.

Mrs. Youngwife—Goodness gracious, how can you? Now, Henry hates Bar Harbor. He says he's no use for the place in his business—not the least.. He's so metaphorical, Henry is!

The caller—I didn't know he'd ever been there.

Mrs. Youngwife—He never has.

The caller—Then, how——

Mrs. Youngwife—And that's just why I wonder at your going.

(This subject being evidently settled beyond dispute—)

The caller—I hear Dr. Chasuble is to resign the rectorship of St. Polyspercliion.

Mrs. Youngwife—Well, I should think he would! Henry has been very much disatisfied with him for a long time; he doesn't like the doctor's views on open communion a particle. He takes great interest in the discussion—he's so theological, Henry is!

The caller—The doctor is reluctant to resign, I understand.

Mrs. Youngwife—He wouldn't be if he knew what Hen——

The caller—And the parish is nearly unanimous in desiring him to remain.

Mrs. Youngwife—Unanimous! Unanimous! I'm surprised that you should say unanimous, when Henry——

The caller (hastily)—I said nearly unanimous.

Mrs Youngwife (severely)—Very far from it, I should say. Henry isn't unanimous a bit!

The caller (again getting out of danger)—The Social Club had a delightful meeting last evening.

Mrs. Youngwife (coldly)—Ah, indeed? Henry didn't go.

The caller (persisting in inkquity)—Even more delightful than the last.

Mrs. Youngwife (icily)—Than the last? Why, Henry went to that!

The caller—You probably know that there was an election of officers.

Mrs. Youngwife (spitefully)—And they make a great mistake in not choosing Henry for president. He's so parliamentary, Henry is!

The caller—But——

Mrs. Youngwife (tossing her head)—Though, of course, he wouldn't have taken the position. "I don't want any honors of their old club," said he. He's so unambitious, Henry is!

The caller (finding every topic beset with perils, and contriving to escape)—Well, really, I must—(rises).

Mrs. Youngwife—What? Going? You haven't seen——

The caller—I know I haven't—

Mrs. Youngwife—You'd enjoy yourself immensely with him. He's so entertaining, Henry is!

The caller—Yes.

Mrs. Youngwife—And so conversational!

The caller—Yes, I know.

Mrs. Youngwife—And so——

The caller (beating a disorderly retreat)—Indeed he is, and more, too. (At the door.) Oh! It's raining hard, and I've no umbrella!

Mrs. Youngwife (in great agitation)—Neither has Henry! Here are five umbrellas in the rack and none—not even one—at the office! Oh, dear me! I'm awfully afraid he'll get wet and ill—he's so delicate, Henry is! And do you suppose he'll wait till it stops, or take a car, or will he be wild enough to walk up in the rain? —he's so adventurous, Henry is! If you had an umbrella I'd ask you to walk down and meet him; but as you haven't any——

The caller (hoping for one of the five, but seeing no prospect of getting it)—Good afternoon!

Mrs. Youngwife—Good af—oh, there's Henry! Hen-ry! Wait one moment, and I'll run to meet you with the umbrella! Hen-ry!

(Caller sneaks away unnoticed and forgotten.)

—*Manley H. Pike in Puck.*

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Since Dorenwend first appeared in this country as a manufacturer of HAIR GOODS, great advancement in good taste in the appearance of the hair has been made. This achievement is most gratifying. In years gone by it was considered impossible to introduce such goods as would be worn so extensively. Only persons who were entirely bald and an occasional one whose hair was very thin wore anything in the line of Hair Goods. Great prejudice existed at that time against anything in this line but it rapidly died out, and now Ladies with good heads of hair wear such pieces as Bangs, Waves, Switches, etc., and Gentlemen with only slight baldness wear Toupees, etc. Style demands that the hair should be curly and wavy and it is very injurious to have the hair cut, curled and waved, it takes the life out of it, and in the end it will come out altogether. The simplest way to gain control of a head of hair is to wear a switch and save yourself a lot of trouble and save your hair, and when the style changes you can easily change your hair-dresser. Everyone should see the new styles of Ermine Petra, Cleveland, Shingle Bangs, and other Frontpieces, Wigs, Toupees, etc., at

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A BIG STOCK OF THEATRICAL WIGS, MAKE-UPS, ETC., ON HAND.

S. J. DIXON,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

Cor. Yonge and King Streets.

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The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly first, time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the end of an hour, it is indispensable.

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Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers, and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.

The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped, and no other is genuine.

MANUFACTURED BY

THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

Ladies at the Legislature.

I thought Miss Marjorie Campbell showed excellent taste Wednesday in attending the opening of the Ontario Legislature in the unpretending attire she did. She was dressed in a simple suit of some dark material, which fitted her graceful figure like a glove, a short jacket and the Alaska sables which always form a comfortable-looking part of her costume through the winter months. A neat bonnet topped her shapely head. She seemed to me from my seat in the press gallery extremely nervous, albeit she displayed a lively interest in the preliminary formalities of opening the House. Her friend, Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, who sat beside her, seemed, on the contrary, rather indifferent to the proceedings and was apparently quite at her ease.

•

The speech from the throne was the usual dry rot. Sir Alexander was quite at ease and read along in the calm, emotionless voice of one who feels quite at home, and is prepared to feel that way under all circumstances. Sir Alexander is a great whist player and possibly that may account for the extreme suavity and placidity of his presence.

•

The display of dress goods and millinery was not at all what I expected. Of course, there was not a lady present whose gown was not all that it should be. Every one worn was pretty as could be, because ladies never wear anything but pretty dresses; but there were none of those elaborate toilets which I had fancied beforehand would be worn. The Legislative hall was crowded with ladies. They filled the members seats, and overflowed into the press gallery. Among those present I noticed Mrs Cawthra, Miss Crowther, Mrs. Cameron, Miss Mary Campbell, Mrs. W. G. Falconbridge, Mrs. Alex. McKenzie, Miss Isabel McKenzie, Mrs. Joshua Beard, Mrs. Pattyson of Davenport, Mrs. Dr. Parker, Miss Ireland, the Misses Thompson, Miss Lottie Wood, Mrs. Proctor, Miss Ellis, Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Dack, Miss Armstrong, Mrs. Cummings, Miss Gilmour of Port Hope, Mrs. G. B. Smith, Miss McGlen, Mrs. McCormick of West Toronto, Mrs. A. J. Cattanach, Mrs. W. G. Cassels, Mrs. P. G. Close, Mrs. H. A. H. Cook, Miss Notman, Miss Butler, Miss Kenneth McKenzie, Mrs. Badgerow, Mrs. O. Mowat, Mrs. Frank McKelcan of Hamilton, Mrs. S. Dewar, Hamilton, Miss Florence Ellis, Miss Susie Ellis, Miss Proctor, Mrs. Monk, Miss Rathven, Mrs. Grantham, Miss Carty, Miss M. Carty, Miss Kingsmill, Miss Thomson, Miss Kate Thomson, Miss Lulu Thomson, Mrs. G. W. Allan, Mrs. F. W. Cumberland, Mrs. John Cameron, Mrs. Major Dawson, Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mrs. R. W. Elliot, Mrs. John Fisken, Mrs. George Grey, Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Mrs. Bendelari, Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Mrs. J. D. Edgar, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Miss Rose, Mrs. T. Eaton, the Misses Eaton, Mrs. Carruthers, the Misses Carruthers, Miss Nellie Ross, Mrs. Robinette, Mrs. A. M. Ross, Mrs. Cox and Miss Wilkie.

SPIFF.

Personal.

Miss Bessie Mundie of Hamilton is spending a few days at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. John Catto, 48 Breadalbane street

Mr. J. W. Beatty gave a progressive euchre party at his house on Huron street. A number of friends attended and spent an enjoyable evening.

Mr. C. H. Thorburn, of the Bank of British North America, who left London for Toronto four months ago, returned to the former city last week and was welcomed back by his many friends.

Mr. Jack Macdonell, son of A. D. Macdonell of the Inland Revenue department, left on Wednesday evening for his home in the North-West. He has been spending a month or more with his parents in this city.

Another fair lady of Montreal who has been the guest of Canon and Mrs. Dumoulin, is Miss Strachan Bethune. The latter part of her visit here was passed with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bethune, and now she too has departed and left us sorrowing.

Ex Ald. Geo. M. Evans of Grange Avenue gave a whist party on Friday evening of last week to a few particular friends, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Frost, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Bright, Mr. and Mrs. Smyth, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Harris, Miss Allerby, Mrs. Bryson.

A very pleasant birthday party was given Wednesday night by Dr. McCallum at his residence, corner Jarvis and Shuter streets. The party was in his daughter's honor. About 80 invitations were issued, and a pleasant time was spent by all who took advantage of the doctor's hospitality.

A face which society once knew well, and which it has not forgotten, is once more within its wiles. Mr. Earnest Heaton, having tried both Toronto and New York, gives the palm to the former. He has decided to practice law here and has entered the firm of Messrs. McCarthy, Osler and Hoskin.

Miss Jessie McInnes may be called a bird of passage. She has been in Toronto only since Christmas, but has stayed with Miss Marjorie Campbell at Government House and also with Mrs. Stephen Heward and Mrs. John Boulton. On Monday she flew back to Montreal taking with her as good a report of Toronto as Toronto will always give of her. Miss Mabel Thomas made an even shorter visit than Miss McInnes and was a partner in the latter's flight on Monday. From Mrs. James Strachan's house she went to that of Canon and Mrs. Dumoulin. Her friends hope her debut in Montreal will be as successful as it has been in Toronto.

FEMALE ATTRACTIONS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY HANS DAHL.

Doric Lodge Conversazione.

One of the pleasantest events of the season was the eighth annual conversazione of Doric Lodge, A. F. and A. M., which was held in the Masonic hall, Toronto street, on Thursday week. The handsome rooms were comfortably filled and a thoroughly enjoyable time was spent by all present. The floor was in excellent condition and dancing was kept up with uninterrupted vigor until quite late. The costumes of the ladies were elaborate and handsome. Among those present were R. W. Bro. E. T. Malone and Mrs. Malone, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Adams, Dr. E. E. King and Miss Cora King, Miss May Hills, Miss Bogart, Mr. L. Wilson, Mr. E. Merritt, Mr. J. F. Pringle and Mrs. Pringle, Mr. J. McNamara, Mr. George Farquhar and Miss Farquhar, Mr. H. Manley, Mr. L. Miller, Mr. W. A. Medland and Mrs. Medland, Mr. J. W. A. Battro, Mr. A. Ardagh, Mr. G. W. Harpin, Mr. W. Higman, Mr. Charles Wesley, Mr. John Sinclair jr., and Miss Sinclair, Ald. and Mrs. Fells, Mr. J. B. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. James Sinclair, Mr. Fred H. Wood, Mr. W. Hamilton, Mr. George Carlisle, Mr. and Mrs. M. Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Worden, the Misses Spence, Mr. and Mrs. G. McLachan and Miss Macdonald, Mrs. Wm. Roach, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Stephenson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor and Miss McGraw, Mr. F. B. Lockwood, Mr. C. McLachlan and Miss Crawford, Mr. Geo. W. Taylor, Mr. Fred Mulholland and Miss Letty Mulholland, Mr. R. W. Boyd, Mr. S. Sayles, Mr. Thos. Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. Coffee, Mr. George Beddingfield, Mr. J. M. Woodland, Mr. Robert Robinson and the Misses Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Taylor, Mr. R. Hickson, Mr. R. Nolan, Mr. J. A. Brigham, Mr. C. Pearson, Mr. J. Hall, Mr Rennie, Mr. J. P. McKinnon, Mr. W. McCartney, Mr. R. F. Williams, Mr. A. A. S. Ardagh, Mr. W. J. Darby, Mr. Thomas Barr, Mr. Henderson, Capt. Mutton, Mr. R. Hall, Mr. H. N. Collins, Mr. E. H. Britton, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Mutton, Mr. and Mrs. George Macdonald, Miss Bella Grand, Mrs. Sidney Flynn, Mrs. L. Flynn, Miss Bain of Parkdale, Miss G. Arnott, Mis N. Arnott, Miss E. Cowley and Mr. W. J. Arnott.

The Witch's Scale at Ondewater, Holland.

The time of this striking picture is during the last century when belief in witches existed not only in the old countries but in America itself. In New England it is not much more than a hundred years since they burnt the miserable victims of popular superstition. The ordeals of ancient times by hot water, fire and tests which meant death to the victim whether she happened to be a witch or not had been superseded at the time of the picture by the weight test. The burgomaster and the chief men of the town are trying to find out if the woman who stands on the scales is light enough to fly through the air on a broom-stick. The legend does not tell exactly how many pound she had to weigh and how any charm-bags, amulets, and sacred bones had to be heaped on the scale to ensure a successful test. This was probably left to the burgomaster and the clergy to determine, and no doubt the amount of objection they had to the suspected person weighed much more heavily against her than anything that could be heaped in the balance.

Musical.

On Tuesday evening the handsome parlors of Mrs. H. L. Smyth, Cecil street, were well filled by the friends of that lady, in response to an invitation to a parlor concert, to be given in aid of the choir funds of St. Philip's church. A programme of rare excellence was presented. The piano solo given by Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison was very much appreciated, as was the one by Miss Hart, who also played in a duet with Mr. Harrison. The Broken Pitcher and At the Concert were two songs given by Miss Eells, a young lady who possesses a voice of great sweetness and flexibility. The songs by Rev. J Fielding Sweeny were given in his usual good style. The recitations by Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy were selections from Shakespeare, and he displayed unusual ability in the art of elocution. Miss Weatherston scored a triumph by reciting, in costume, The Gipsy Flower Girl. Though young, Miss Weatherston gives great promise of being a leader not only in society but also as a public reciter. A quartette and trio by the members of St. Philip's choir, and a reading from Dickens' Holly Tree, by Mrs. Harrison, were pleasing features of the evening. Refreshments were dispensed at the close of the programme, and a handsome sum was realised for the choir funds.

Mr. Belford's Recitals.

George Belford, the English elocutionist and reciter, who created so favorable an impression in this country when here a year or two ago, will give two recitals in the Association hall, Yonge street, on Monday and Tuesday evenings. The *World*, Edmund Yates' critical paper, says: "Mr. George Belford, who has

recently completed a most brilliant and successful tour through Canada as a humorous and dramatic reciter, appeared last Tuesday evening at Prince's hall, on the occasion of Miss Amy Beresford's concert, when he gave so dramatic a rendering of Rubinstein's Piano and What He Did When Drunk, that he was three times recalled upon the stage, and finally responded to the genuine applause by reciting Browning's poem of Good News from Ghent. Mr. Belford possesses a flexible and powerful voice, a remarkable range of facial expression, good taste in gesture and attitude, and a large amount of dramatic ability."

An Evening of Comedy.

Last Friday evening at 137 Avenue road a pleasant few hours were spent. Those fortunate enough to receive an invitation from Mrs. E. M. Trowern for her little evening of comedy were delighted with the music and go with which the comedy, The Loan of a Lover, was acted with the following cast:

Captain Amerfort.....Mr. J. G. Thompson
Peter Spyk.....Mr. A. Hodgetts
Swyzel.....Mr. F. C. Daniels
Delve.....Mr. John Page
Gertrude.....Miss Jessie Wilson
Ernestine Rosendal.....Mrs. E. M. Trowern

The Gertrude of Miss Wilson was bright and charming, while Mrs. Trowern made a dignified and handsome Ernestine. The male characters were above the average, especially Mr. Hodgetts. After the comedy, songs were given by Mr. Max Saunders and Mrs. Cheesman, and a Scotch reading by Mr. Hodgetts, which were much enjoyed. The evening ended in dancing to music by the harpers.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

The leading social events in the capital just now, are the skating and tobogganing parties at Rideau Hall, but even these have been sadly marred by the extreme cold that has prevailed here. Last Saturday was what the small boy would call a "sneezer," but notwithstanding, nearly forty enthusiasts turned out and made the clear air ring with the sharp sweep of the winged steel. The ice, as may be imagined, was hard as a diamond, and when once one got his blood at the proper temperature, it was enjoyable despite the fact that the temperature varied from ten degrees below zero and fifteen degrees below zero. It was too cold, however, and the ess vigorous quickly left the ice. There were quite a few cases of frost nips, and it was a common sight to see a burly gentleman polishing up the ear of his best girl with an icicle. Among those who braved the Frost King in his den, so to speak, were Sir Frederick and Lady Middleton, Capt. Wise, A.D.C., Messrs. C. Elliott, A. G. Horan, B. Bogert, R. Lewis, R. L. Paley, H. Carter, W. L. Marler, D. Jones, W. deC. O'Grady, Miss Jessie Gordon, Mrs. E. Miall, Miss Miall, Miss Clark, Miss Annie Clark, Mrs. R. W. Scott, Miss Scott, Miss Minnie Scott, Mrs. D. L. Scott, Mrs. O'Grady, Miss Bogert, Miss Annie Bogert, Mrs. Wise, Miss Wise, Mrs. E. Grant, Mr. M. C. Caldron, Mr. J. Dill, Mr. W. Scott, Mr. C. V. Nicholson, Mr. S. D. Lemoine, Miss Hitchie, Miss L. Smith, Miss Gilmour, Miss Moylan, Miss Schreiber, Miss M. White, Mr. J. Gordon, Miss Jessie Gordon, Mrs. Walker Powell, Miss Powell, Miss Laura Powell, Mr. Geo. Burns, Mr. Wm. G. Gowen, Mrs. D. E. Hodgins, Mr. Creighton, Mr. Kaulback, Mr. Bruce, Lord Lansdowne and his son, Lord Kerry, were on the ice, and seemed to find as much difficulty in keeping their blue blood warm as the rest of us had in sustaining the temperature of the plebeian tide that coursed through our veins. I drew from what I saw that Sir John Frost does not discriminate in the matter of noses. He will nip my lor's this "konk" (I think that's the word, according to Marquis of Queensberry rules) with the same hearty good will that he seizes on the nasal snout of a tramp.

Talking about the Governor-General draws my attention to the rumous that are current in regard to his successor. The intelligence cabled to us some time ago that Lord Stanley of Preston, was to be our next ruler was not at all favorably received by Ottawa society. We clamor for a Duke. The first gentleman of the Dominion has since Confederation been steadily rising in rank. The Marquis of Lansdowne stands highest in rank of any of our Governors since 67. Lord Lorne was a marquis only by courtesy. Lansdowne is a real marquis. Now we want a "duke out" and if we don't get it we will sulk. Dukes out of a job will please apply under promise of secrecy to the undersigned.

The political atmosphere here is clear and sunny—for the Conservatives. Sir John Macdonald is renewing his youth as morning after morning he reads of some fresh disaster that his political enemies have suffered. One would think that he is now filled to repletion, but he old man, as his admirers love to designate him has a capacious stomach and a perfect digestion for Grits, raw or on the half shell.

Mrs. Thos. White gives an At Home on February 2nd.

Mrs. J. A. Gisborne gave a dance on Wednesday night.

A dance was held in the racket court last night. It was very successful, the engineers of the event being Miss Ritchie, Miss B. White, Miss Gilmour, Miss M. Scott and Miss Schreiber.

Mrs. Cunningham Stewart has issued invitations for a snowshoeing party for next night. After supper at her residence the guests will take a short tramp across country, returning for dancing during the remainder of the evening.

WATCHMAN.

[ST. THOMAS.]

How many large and perfect dances we have had this winter! The last of these was given by Mrs. William Mickleborough on the 19th, and was fully as enjoyable as its predecessors. The floor was perfect, and one felt how good it was to have a drawing room made wide as well as long. The harpers occupied an artistically decorated alcove on the east side of the room, and just here I must say something which I hope will reach their ears before they play for us again. They are becoming fearfully careless in playing waise music. One valse only, was played in decent time, and that was so old—we have heard it from time immemorial. Some new music would be a delightful change. Ever so many strangers were present. Mrs. Lamson of Port Arthur looked remarkably well in her wedding dress; Miss Bailey of Ingersoll, wore black lace and pearl colored satin; Mrs. Kelsey of Toronto, wore a wonderfully becoming gown of mauve broceded velvet, with feather trimmings; Mrs. Tom Hutchinson of Montreal, was in white satin, with feather trimmings; Miss Lizzie Pope of London, white India mull and pearls; Miss Smith of Goderich, blue silk with bronze trimmings; Miss Kilteragie of Strathroy, white cashmere and lace; Mr. Cameron of Chicago, Mr. Reid of London, Mr. Gibbard of Toronto and Mr. Edward Andrews of Toronto were also present and from town a large number were also present.

Two pleasant five o'clock teas were given last week by Mrs. H. F. Ellis at Rosecroft. They were in honor of Miss Ellis, who has been spending the New Year's weeks at home. Mrs. Ellis was assisted by her daughters, Miss Edith and Miss Kate. Among the ladies present were Mrs. Jas. Eyne, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Chas. Ermatinger, Mrs. Geo. Claris, Mrs. Lapcot, Mrs. G. A. Morton, Mrs. J. A. Kains, Mrs. F. E. Ermatinger, Mrs. Macausland, Mrs. A. G. Simpson.

On Friday afternoon an enjoyable and successful At Home was given by Mrs. Hill at the Rectory on Wellington street.

Her many friends are delighted to see Mrs. Tom. Hutchinson in St. Thomas again. She intends remaining for some time.

The genial cheery face of Mr. Rhodes, late of London, is to be seen again in the Molsons' Bank. It is over two years since he left us to mourn over his departure.

Mr. Horace Harvey left for Toronto last week to fill a vacancy in a law office there.

Mr. Douglass, formerly accountant in Traders' Bank here, spent Saturday and Sunday in town.

MAUDE.

BELLEVILLE.

Mrs. O. B. Falkner gave a large and pleasant five o'clock tea last week. Miss Pellmer delighted the guests with the sweet lullaby from Erminie, sung in her most faultless style.

Mrs. Geo. D. Dickson gave a large and delightful party at their residence on Pinnacle street. Mr. and Mrs. Dickson exceeded even their former reputation as incomparable host and hostess. The pleasure depicted on the countenance of all present was conclusive evidence of the merited success of the evening, and if one were to judge by the state of the youth's collars (which were particularly "Ocean Wildish", or, I should say, limp) dancing was enjoyed to the fullest extent.

WOODSTOCK.

The Whist clubs were very charmingly entertained by Mrs. H. J. Finkle of Light street, last Tuesday evening, all the members of both clubs were present except one or two unfortunate ones who could not manage it. Each member was presented with a lovely little bouquet, those of the St. James club being tied with red ribbon, and the St. Patrick of green with green. Visitors not belonging to either clubs had bouquets with pink ribbon. Judge Finkle's jovial remarks kept every one laughing and Miss Annie Parker looked lovely, and Miss Jessie as sweet as ever. Whist seems an odd taste for young people, but the St. Patrick club is composed entirely of them, having only one or two married members, and they are not yet settled down enough to be called old, though Mr. Charles' hair is getting quite white still his heart is young.

We will miss for a week or so Judge Finkle's dashing looking trap on Vansittart avenue with the judge and his pretty companion by his side. Let us hope the sleighing will not disappeared before his return from New York, where he has gone with his friend, Mr. G. Y. Blackstock, and that we may again have the pleasure of seeing him driving Jolanthe in his pretty sleigh, which is almost as gorgeous as the orange one of a prominent citizen.

Ingersoll is on the qui vive over a ball to be held there on February 3rd. A great many have been invited from here, and, as Woodstock is so very quiet just now, it is probable, if the sleighing keeps good, a large party will drive over to enjoy the dance.

Mrs. Armour Peck, formerly Miss Kelly Nevill, is making a short stay at her old home on Chapel street. Miss Capron of Paris is also on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Van Ingan, and several little evenings have been given in her honor. Mr. Rhodes, of the Molsons Bank, London, was in town last week, and I noticed Miss Maggie Campbell, notwithstanding the cold, had driven in from the country on the same day.

The Great Janauschek.

The justly great and distinguished tragic actress, Madame Janauschek, and her excellent company of legitimate actors are to appear at the Grand Opera House on the last three nights of the ensuing week in three of the Madame's best dramas, Meg Merrilies, Mary Stuart and Mother and Son. The company is playing a very successful engagement this week in Montreal, and Thursday's *Herald* said of the performance: "A critical audience was present last evening at the Academy to witness the opening representation and showed frequently its approving by well-deserved applause. Janauschek's portrayal of Meg Merrilies was artistic in every way and her make up thoroughly correct and true. She looked the gypsy through and through. Perhaps the most effective was her rendering of the lines, 'The gallows is your rock, etc. The last scene concluding with the death of Meg Merrilies which was as fine a piece of acting as has been seen in Montreal for some years past. It must have pleased the lovers of the legitimate drama. The other characters were well taken."

The Diamond Stove Co.

Attention is drawn to the Diamond Stove Co.'s new housefurnishing and stove warerooms at No. 6 and 8 Queen street west. The company consists of the old firm of Wanless & Son, Parkdale, with the addition of Mr. David Lackie. They show a large variety of stoves and ranges—in fact, they make ranges the special feature of their business. Almost everything in the housefurnishing line can be had at this magnificent store, and they are also the patentees and manufacturers of a first-class line of furnaces. Persons who wish to buy on the instalment plan can also be accommodated.

Lights o' London.

This well-known English melodrama will hold the boards at the Toronto Opera House all next week. The Buffalo *Courier* says: "It seems for all the world as if this play would never lose its hold on popular favor. That it possesses elements of uncommon vitality may be reasonably inferred from the uninterrupted success which has attended its production for the past five or six seasons. During this protracted period the play has been seen and relished in this city with something like annual regularity. It need not, therefore, receive detailed attention at this time. Its many stirring episodes, picturesque scenes, and humorous incidents were last night received with wonted favor. The cast was adequate to the work in hand, and gave a generally smooth performance."

Artful Dodge of a Corn Doctor.

"My stars!" exclaimed a man, pushing some one who stood near him, "you have trod on my corn."

The fellow snatched out a box of ointment and replied, "I can relieve you, sir, in a few minutes. Only twenty-five cents. Endorsed by the medical fraternity everywhere. There is no use suffering. One box! Thank you," he added, as he put the money in his pocket.

"It was an accident you found him," some one remarked to the salve dealer.

"Oh, no, it wasn't. If you ask a man if he's got corns he don't want to talk to you, but when you find out that he's got 'em the chances of selling him the medicine are good. I advertise my medicine by going into crowds and slyly feeling for corns. Yonder stands a fat fellow. When the crowd gets thicker I'll go over and tap his hoof. Oh, yes, it may be painful, but, my dear sir, the business of this country must be carried on regardless of sentiment."

Grand Opera House

O. B. SHEPPARD, MANAGER.

SPECIAL DRAMATIC EVENT

THRUSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

February 2, 3 and 4

SPECIAL SATURDAY MATINEE

Positively farewell and last appearance in this city of the greatest living actress,

JANAUSCHEK

supported by her own most excellent dramatic company of distinguished actors.

THURSDAY AND SATURDAY NIGHTS

the intensely interesting picturesque, romantic musical drama

MEG MERRILIES

FRIDAY NIGHT

the historic royal court drama

MARY STUART

SATURDAY MATINEE

the beautiful, emotional, sensational drama

MOTHER AND SON

Madame Janauschek is supported by and brings here exactly the same distinguished company of legitimate actors who supported her in her recent successful engagement in Boston, New York and Philadelphia.

PRICES, 25c., 50c., 75c., and $1

Mr. GEO. BELFORD'S

Humorous and Dramatic

RECITALS

ASSOCIATION HALL

COR. YONGE AND McGILL STS.

Monday and Tuesday Evenings

JANUARY 30 AND 31.

PLAN NOW OPEN AT NORDHEIMER'S.

Reserved Seats 50 Cts.

Mr. Belford's programme comprises an admirable selection from DICKENS, TENNYSON, BROWNING, LONGFELLOW, BURNAND, KINGSLEY, Etc., Etc.

Grand Opera House

O. B. SHEPPARD, MANAGER.

THREE NIGHTS AND WEDNESDAY MATINEE BEGINNING

MONDAY, JAN. 30

Front:—"The Funniest of them all."

Only appearance here of the

Original Sparks Co.

EDGUIN & SANDER, Proprietors, in the greatest of all successes

A BUNCH OF KEYS

OR THE HOTEL,

BY CHAS. H. HOYT, with the favorite artists,

Marietta Nash,

Ada Bothner,	George Lauri,
Marie Bell,	Jas. B. Mackie,
Ada Boshell,	Alex Bell,
Marietta Hart,	Tim Murphy,
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HARRY WEBB'S WEEKLY

The *consumer* being the *person* we wish to build up (as in building him up we *fatten ourselves*) we venture a few remarks, and fulfill our promise to SATURDAY NIGHT by contributing *weekly*, and thus kill two birds with one stone. But we must be *concise*, or we should fatten the editor too. Competition is the life of trade, but too much of a good thing is good for nothing. Therefore what we want is, not too much, but enough to keep the *manufacturer* or *producer energetic*, or busy enough to keep his wits about him, to make both ends meet, as not unfrequently competition becomes so keen that it fairly demoralizes, and leads to those small, contemptible devices that put an end to public confidence, and away goes the general interests of trade. As every branch of industry requires the public confidence in the *integrity* of those engaged in it. Let the public at once understand that *no genuine business* man has any desire to uphold any *monopolies* or to practice extortion. The test is the purity of the goods, the quality of which determines their just value, and this brings the quality and price into *perfect harmony* and makes adulteration both unpopular and unprofitable, which that a discerning public will soon recognize and profit thereby.

We do not in any way wish to belittle our neighbors, or competitors in trade, and make no odious comparisons, we simply say, our goods are as pure as the best materials can make them, and as novel in design as the best skilled labor that we can import or educate can manipulate.

If any of the above remarks hurt anybody, as Sam Jones says "They must be hit," but if these good people do not adulterate their goods (those who say they sell so cheaply—why then we *don't mean them, that's all*, and if they do not sell *pure goods and well made at a fair price*, then let them take a leaf out of our book, and they will be benefited both morally and financially, and may live to thank us for the timely advice.

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